

The Sketch

No. 1169.—Vol. XC.

WEDNESDAY, JUNE 23, 1915.

SIXPENCE.

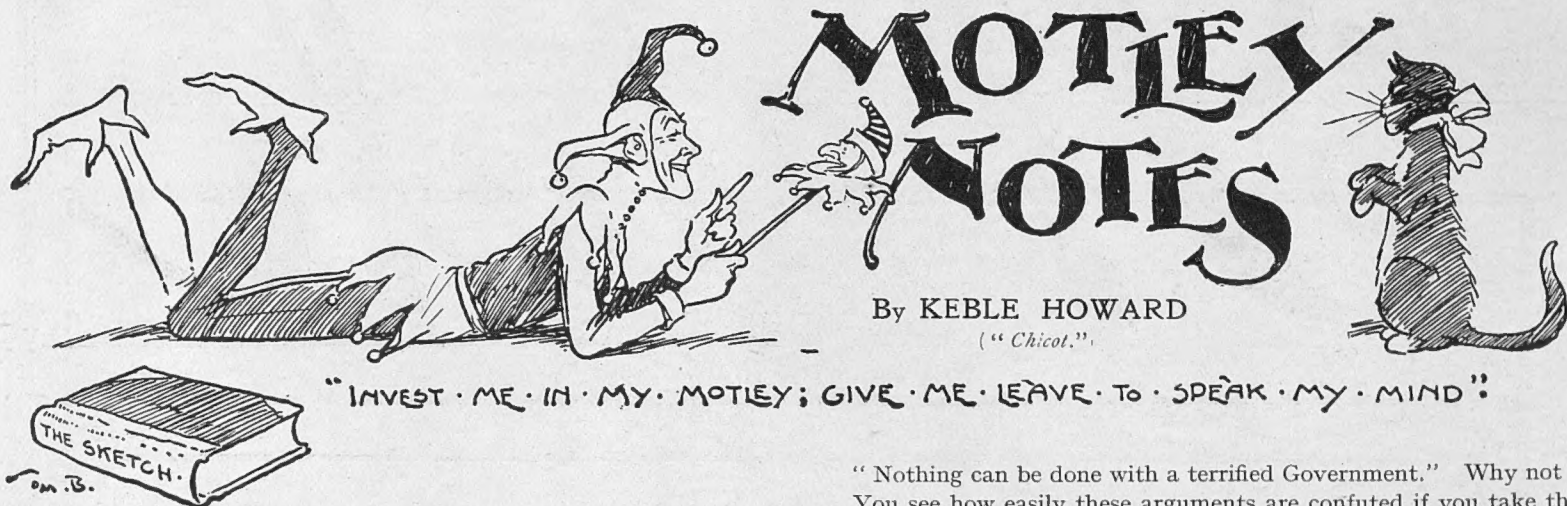


ENGAGED TO LIEUTENANT LORD CHESHAM: MISS MARGOT MILLS.

Miss Margot Mills, whose engagement to Lieutenant Lord Chesham, of the 10th Royal Hussars, is announced, is the only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. L. Mills, of Tansor Court, Oundle. Lord Chesham, who was twenty-one only the other day, was wounded in action recently. He succeeded his father, who was killed

accidentally while out with the Pytchley, in 1907. Lord Chesham's mother was a daughter of the first Duke of Westminster, and his aunt, Katherine Caroline, Duchess of Westminster, a daughter of the second Baron Chesham, is the widow of the same nobleman, to whom she was married, in 1882, as his second wife.

Photograph by Lallie Charles.



At It Again. According to a daily paper, it seems that Mr. George Bernard Shaw, England's darling, has been at it again. It was in this way, I gather. A certain Dublin gentleman made speeches urging the young men of Dublin not to enlist. He meant, of course, no harm. He was a patriot. But it occurred to him to tell the young men of Dublin not to enlist, so he up and told them not to enlist.

What happened? The Government, which is occasionally—very occasionally—annoyed by this sort of thing, arrested the gentleman under the Defence of the Realm Act and gave him six months. That was a horrid thing to do. Most unkind. The gentleman's wife, naturally, was very indignant. Gentlemen, especially Irish gentlemen, must not be treated in this manner. Englishmen may die by the thousand—yes, and Irishmen, too, for that matter—but Irish gentlemen with a gift for public speaking must be allowed to exercise their gift without restraint.

So the lady, I read, wrote to Mr. Shaw. I suppose she felt that Mr. Shaw would sympathise with her husband. The talented author of "The Last Spring of the Old Lion" would understand that the higher patriotism consists in urging young men not to enlist. That was how the lady argued the matter to herself. She wrote to Mr. George Bernard Shaw, England's darling, and Mr. Shaw, it seems, agreed with her that her husband had been monstrously treated.

"Thoroughly Intimidated." Here is the extract from Mr. Shaw's letter as quoted by the daily paper in question—
"The defence of the Realm Act has abolished all liberty in Great Britain and Ireland except such as the authorities might choose to leave us. . . . Protests are quite useless. The Opposition in the House of Commons will not oppose; the Press will not defend public liberties. England is thoroughly intimidated by Germany as far as her civilians are concerned, and sentences of six months' hard labour have been dealt out here for the most trivial oversights."

Let us pause. "The Defence of the Realm Act has abolished all liberty." Has it? Mr. Shaw gets up when he likes and goes to bed when he likes. He eats what he likes—I understand that he is a very dainty feeder—and drinks what he likes. Money flows into his coffers from many sources. He sees such friends as he likes, and talks with them as freely as he likes. He goes out when he likes and comes in when he likes. So far as I am aware, he is not even a special constable. More than all, he writes what he likes. He writes about "The Last Spring of the Old Lion," for example.

And yet "The Defence of the Realm Act has abolished all liberty."

Tell me, friend the reader. Do you still think that England's darling can make no mistake?

Shaw Undaunted. To continue—
"Something can be done with a tyrannical Government, but nothing can be done with a terrified Government and a cowed people. I am not afraid of the Germans, and have very little patience with Englishmen who are. If they cannot win at the present odds without putting Mr. ——— in prison for depleting the British Army to the extent of half-a-dozen men or so, they deserve to be beaten."

Let us pause once again. "Something can be done with a tyrannical Government." What?

"Nothing can be done with a terrified Government." Why not? You see how easily these arguments are confuted if you take the trouble to look into them. If you don't take the trouble to look into them, anybody can say anything and get away with it. You might as well say: "Something can be done with a helpless Government, but nothing can be done with a hopeless Government." It would sound just as clever and mean just as little.

Again: "I am not afraid of the Germans." This is the one priceless sentence in the whole letter. "I am not afraid of the Germans." Fancy! With nothing between him and the Huns but the British Army and the British Navy, those frail reeds, Mr. Shaw is actually not afraid of the Germans. "Heroes of Adelphi Terrace: No. 1."

"Half-a-Dozen Men." In conclusion: "If they cannot win at the present odds. . . ."

Which means, by implication, that the odds are in our favour. Well, the odds were in favour of the police, perhaps, at the Sidney Street affair, but the task was none too easy, for all that. If a semi-drunken man lies on his back in the roadway, and hacks out vigorously at everyone who approaches him, are the odds in his favour or in favour of the constable trying to arrest him? He will be arrested; that is quite certain. But is that any reason why the constable should not receive help from his mates? What is the object of the arrest—to prove the skill and valour of the constable, or to keep John Street fairly decent and quiet in order that Mr. Shaw may occupy his beautiful flat in peace?

The Dublin gentleman who got six months instead of being shot—and it is my humble opinion, and the opinion of the majority, that British civilians who encourage the Germans to kill Britishers should be shot forthwith—did nothing but "deplete the British Army to the extent of half-a-dozen men." Splendid. If a British soldier is worth only one German soldier, this patriotic orator left six German soldiers alive to kill six Britishers. Indirectly, therefore, he was the cause of the deaths of six British soldiers.

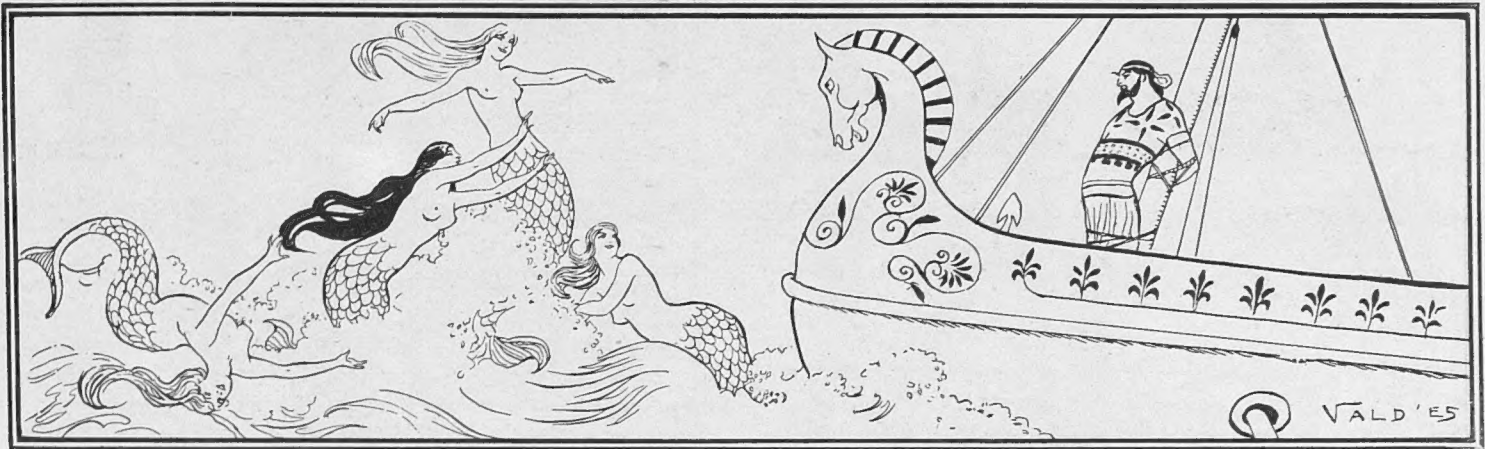
And he got six months! Cruel, cruel Government! And brave, noble Mr. Shaw!

On Shaw's Side. Mr. Shaw will appreciate a letter sent to the *Globe* by the Rev. G. T. Sadler, Pastor of the Congregational Church, Wimbledon. Here is one gem from Mr. Sadler's letter—

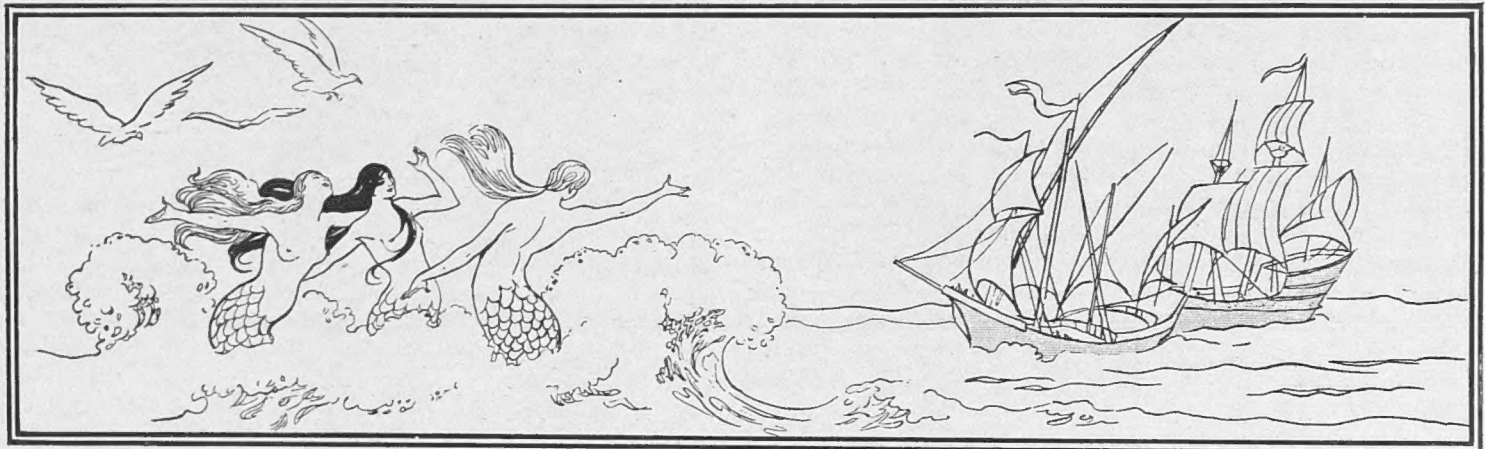
"It is only while we fight her she [Germany] so desires to annihilate us." So that, when the war began, Belgium had violently attacked Germany. Belgium had hurled the full force of her gigantic Army at Germany; poor Germany was compelled, in self-defence, to try to annihilate Belgium. Poor Germany has no quarrel with us; poor Germany wants to see us rich and prosperous for ever and ever. The poor German is a most peaceable fellow with charming manners. The poor German never shoves strangers into the gutters of Berlin; the poor German steps into the gutter himself, in the most courteous manner, and waits until his English, French, or Russian guest has passed. Poor Germany does not want to fight with poisonous gases; poor Germany is aghast when her Zeppelins kill babies and women; poor Germany, in short, is the most peaceful and the most misunderstood country in the world.

"'If thine enemy hunger,' quotes Mr. Sadler, 'feed him.'" Which shows that Mr. Sadler, for all that he is Pastor of the Congregational Church, Wimbledon, does not understand his Bible. "If thine enemy hunger, feed him," refers, of course, to the enemy who is helpless, beaten to the dust. It has no reference at all to the enemy, however hungry, who is lashing out at you with his jack-knife.

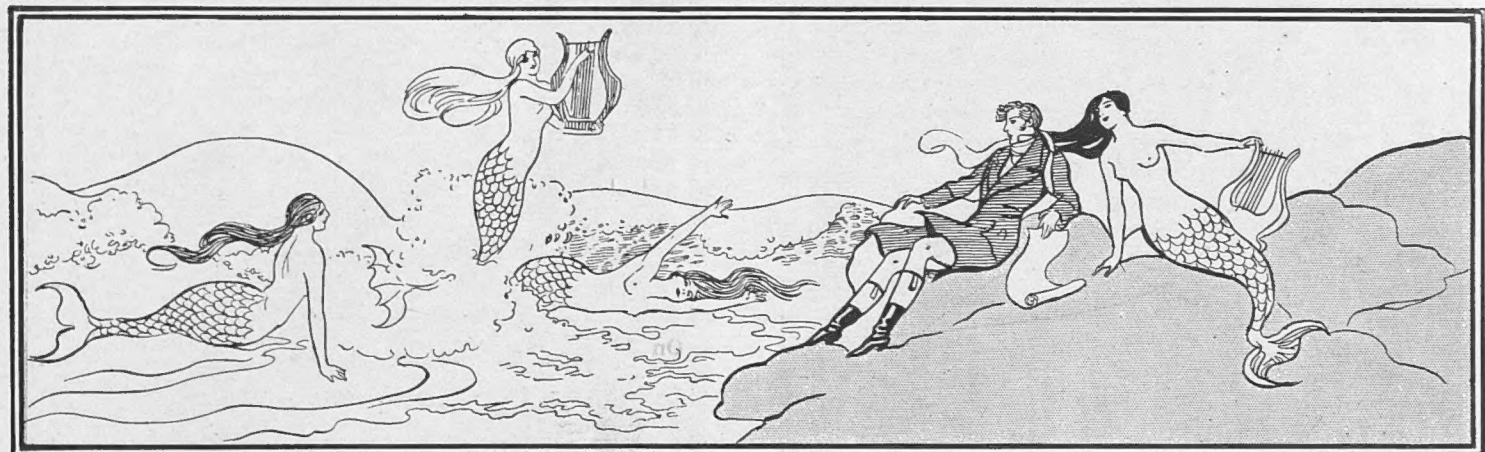
VANITIES OF VALDÉS: THE SUBMARINING OF THE SIRENS.



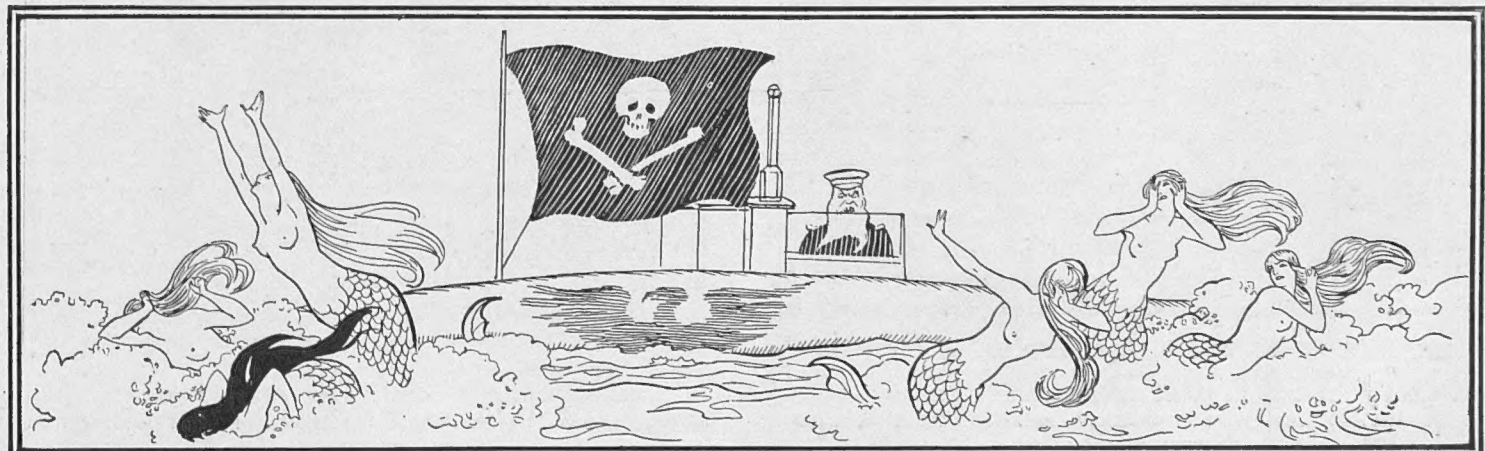
IN THE DAYS OF CRAFTY ULYSSES: THE HERO OF THE "ODYSSEY" HAS HIMSELF LASHED TO THE MAST.



IN THE DAYS OF THE BUXOM BUCCANEERS: DARING THE UNCHARTED TO CHASE THE DARLINGS OF THE SEA.



IN THE DAYS OF BYRON: THE AUTHOR OF "DON JUAN" HEARS THE SIRENS' SONG INVITING HIM TO SEA.



IN THE DAYS OF VON TIRPITZ: ALARMED BY THE U 1915, THE SIRENS DECIDE TO SUBMERGE FOR EVER.

SOCIETY'S FIELD DAYS: EVENTS AND ENGAGEMENTS.



IN KHAKE AT LEOPARDSTOWN: LIEUTENANT THE MARQUESS CONYN-
HAM AND HIS MOTHER, THE MARCHIONESS CONYNHAM.

Khaki was in evidence among the members of Dublin Society who attended Leopardstown Races the other day. Lord Conyngham, who was in uniform, is a Lieutenant in the South Irish Horse, and was formerly in the 3rd Battalion Duke of Edinburgh's (Wiltshire Regiment). His mother, widow of the fourth Marquess,



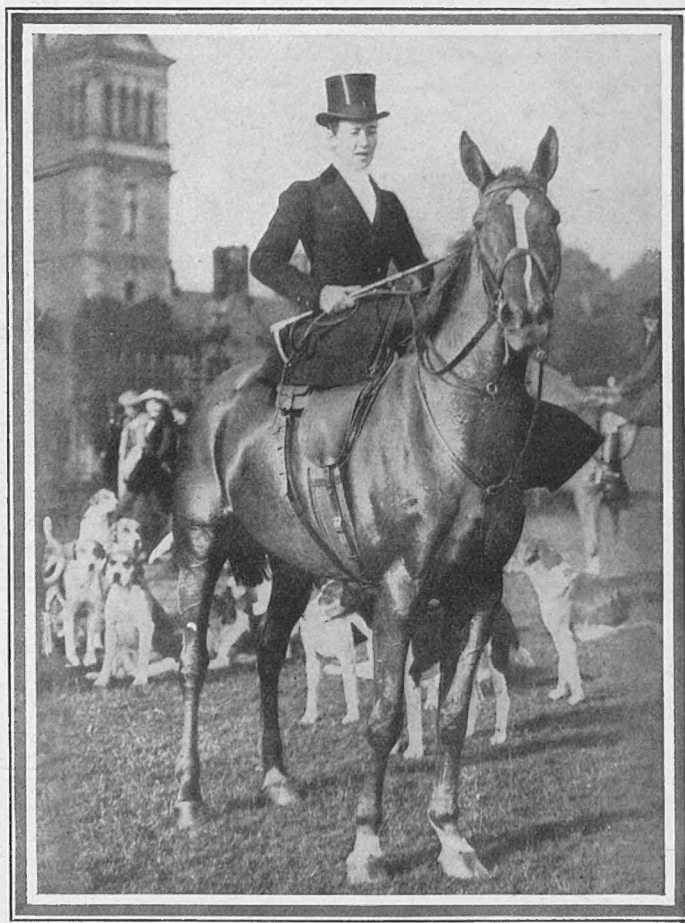
AT THE LEOPARDSTOWN RACES: THE HON. MRS. DEWHURST CHATTING
WITH THE EARL OF ENNISKILLEN.

is a daughter of the fourth Baron Ventry.—The Hon. Mrs. Dewhurst, an aunt of Lord Churston, is the wife of Captain Robert Henry Dewhurst, formerly of the 4th Hussars. The Earl of Enniskillen at one time held a commission in the Rifle Brigade, and is Hon. Colonel of the 4th (Reserve) Battalion, Royal Inniskilling Fusiliers.



A BRIDE'S PET DOG AT A MILITARY WEDDING: MR. CECIL WEGG-
PROSSER AND HIS WIFE (FORMERLY MISS EMMELINE SLEEMAN)
LEAVING THE CHURCH.

Mr. Cecil F. J. Wegg-Prosser, who is a Lieutenant in the 9th Royal Sussex Regiment, is the son of Major Wegg-Prosser, late of the Rifle Brigade. His bride, formerly Miss Emmeline (Lena) Sleeman, is a daughter of the late Captain H. A. Sleeman, formerly of the Queen's (16th) Lancers. The wedding took place on the 14th at



AN EARL'S DAUGHTER ENGAGED: LADY CICELY PIERREPONT, WHO
IS TO MARRY MAJOR FRANCIS HARDY, OF THE COLDSTREAM
GUARDS.

the Church of the Sacred Heart, Wimbledon.—Lady Cicely Pierrepont, who is engaged to Major Francis Hardy, Coldstream Guards, of Isenhurst Park, Sussex, is the eldest daughter of Earl and Countess Manvers, of Thoresby Park, Ollerton, Notts., and Holme Pierrepont, Nottingham. She is a well-known rider to hounds.

ABOUT SWEET AND TWENTY: A WAR BRIDE AND OTHERS.



A DAUGHTER OF A FAMOUS THEATRICAL MANAGER MARRIED TO AN ARMY AIRMAN: THE BRIDAL PARTY AT THE WEDDING OF MISS NANCY EDWARDES AND SECOND-LIEUTENANT HAROLD MACDONNELL O'MALLEY.

The wedding of Miss Nancy Olga Edwardes, second daughter of Mr. and Mrs. George Edwardes, of 11, Park Square, N.W.; Ogbourne, Wilts; and Winkfield Lodge, Windsor Forest, Berkshire, to Second-Lieutenant Harold MacDonnell O'Malley, took place recently at St. Edward's Roman Catholic Church, Windsor. Second-Lieutenant O'Malley, who is in the Royal Flying Corps, is the third son of the late Mr. Middleton Moore O'Malley,

J.P., and Mrs. O'Malley, of Ross, Westport, Co. Mayo. In the group, from left to right, are: Miss Norah V. Edwardes (sister of the bride), the bride, the bridegroom, Captain Allan Knight (the best man), of the Royal Munster Fusiliers, attached to the R.F.C., Mrs. George Edwardes, and Mrs. Sherbrooke (sister of the bride). Mr. and Mrs. George Edwardes, as well as the bride and bridegroom, received countless congratulations.



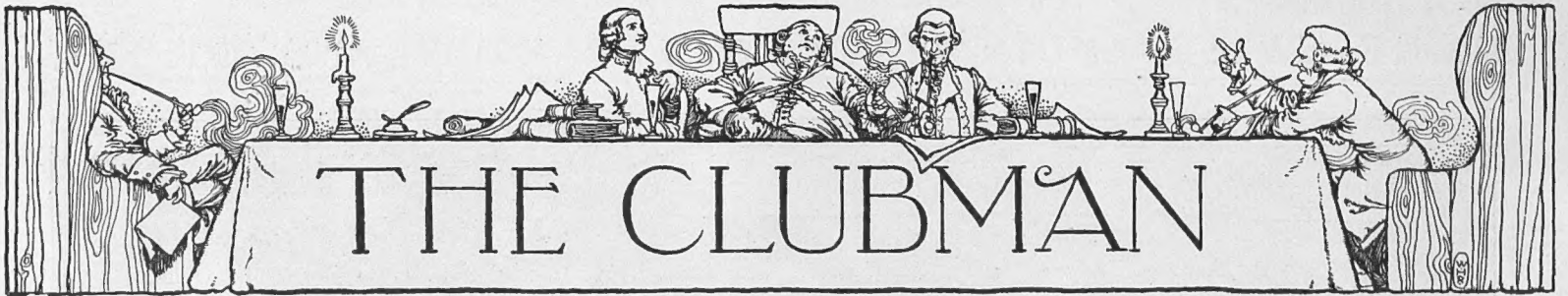
TWENTY THIS YEAR: LADY JOAN STUART-WORTLEY, DAUGHTER OF THE EARL OF WHARNCLIFFE.

Lady Joan Stuart-Wortley, who was born in 1895, is the third daughter of the Earl and Countess of Wharncliffe. Her father was in the Navy, from which he retired in 1889, and her elder brother, Viscount Carlton, holds a commission in the 2nd Life Guards.—Miss Clare de Trafford, who, like Lady Joan Stuart-Wortley, enters on her



A WORKER AT THE COUNTESS OF LIMERICK'S BUFFET FOR SOLDIERS AT LONDON BRIDGE: MISS CLARE DE TRAFFORD.

twenties this year, is a daughter of Mr. Charles Edmund de Trafford and Lady Agnes de Trafford. Her father is brother of Sir Humphrey de Trafford, Bt., and her mother was Lady Agnes Mary Pia Feilding, a daughter of the eighth Earl of Denbigh, and sister of the present Earl.—[Photographs by Rita Martin and Val l'Estrange.]



WHEN BONAPARTE WAS A BRITISH BOGEY: WELLINGTON AND HIS ARMY: "VANITY FAIR."

After Waterloo. A hundred years ago London was buzzing with the news of the great battle fought in Belgium. Full details were not yet known, but the country rejoiced in the knowledge that the forces of Bonaparte had been routed after a day of fighting fiercer than any that the Peninsula had seen, and grieved to hear of the death of so many officers of high rank and officers on the personal staff of the Duke.

Tales of My Grandmother. I think I have before now mentioned in these columns that one of my grandmothers lived for many years in Brussels, and that as a boy I used to go over to that little capital to spend part of my holidays. The only fighting in Belgium that the old lady had witnessed was the Revolution in 1830, when the Belgians turned the Dutch out of Brussels, and she did not see much of that, for all the inhabitants of the city were ordered to keep indoors while the fighting was in progress, to close their shutters, and not to approach the windows.

Fear a Leveller. But she had rubbed shoulders with many of the men and women who were in Brussels when Waterloo was fought, and had heard so many stories concerning the day of the fight and those that preceded it that she almost believed that she had been in the city at the time. She told me many tales of the entire disappearance of distinction between class and class: how footmen and duchesses, counts and beggars, asked each other what was the latest news from the front, and discussed the possibility—or rather, probability—that the French would take

Brussels; and of the thrill of dread that every soul felt when it was known that wounded men and stragglers and a body of cavalry had come in, all saying that the French were attacking so fiercely that it was impossible that the British could withstand their assault.

The Name of Bonaparte.

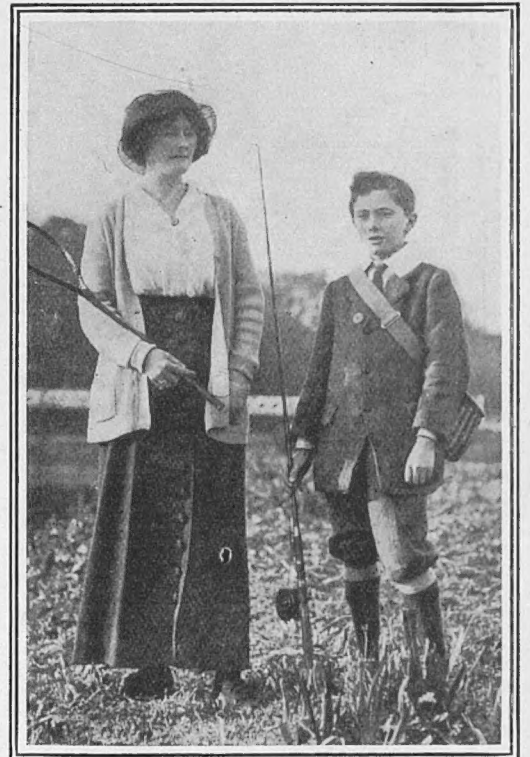
The name of Bonaparte was still a word with which to conjure, and it was known that the British had been forced to fall back from Quatre Bras and that the Germans had been defeated, and it seemed quite natural that the great General who had been victorious on so many fields

to the great British soldier's early triumphs in India against native adversaries. Wellington, we are told, longed at Waterloo for his "old Peninsulars," and had very little praise for the rank and file under him—the rank and file who were to offer such a dogged resistance on the great day. That, however, was Wellington's way. He never grudged praise to his men when they had done their work, but he never over-praised them before their work began.

When landing in Portugal and inspecting the army with which he was soon to cross the Douro, he wrote home that there were as many militia knapsacks as knapsacks of the line on the men's backs; and thought the Portuguese troops, who were later to fight so well, some of the worst he had ever seen. When this army in Portugal had accomplished some wonderful feats, Wellington's remark concerning these was that he "hoped that their success would not turn his army's head." "It was a damned close-run thing," was his pithy description afterwards of the Battle of Waterloo, and there must have been times without number during the battle when he wished that the magnificent regiments who marched under his command out of Spain into France had not been frittered away in useless campaigns in America.

Thackeray's Account.

I think that Thackeray must have heard very much the same stories that my grandmother heard, for his description in "Vanity Fair" of the agitation of the people in Brussels waiting to hear the result of the battle is very much what my grandmother used to describe. She had not read "Vanity Fair," and therefore she had not drawn her inspiration from that book. Possibly the great novelist had talked and mixed with the same people as those from whom my grandmother had got her stories. She, however, had garnered them in the very close little society of English people that existed in the 'forties in the streets about the little park in the centre of the city. Thackeray at that time considered himself a London Bohemian, and was contemplating a step up in the social scale—a step which was marked by his taking the house in Young Street where he wrote "Vanity Fair," and where he began to entertain his friends. "Vanity Fair" gave him a great hoist in the world, and Edward FitzGerald spoke of him as "going to Holland House," and Monckton Milnes recorded that Thackeray dined at the Academy with Sir Robert Peel. But of Thackeray going to Brussels and mixing with the punctilious little society there I do not remember ever to have heard or read.



TROUT-FISHING ON THE BARROW IN A SPELL OF LEAVE FROM WAR-WORK: LADY WELDON; WITH HER SECOND SON, THOMAS.

Lady Weldon has started Red Cross classes, organised a number of concerts, opened a Sunday reading-room for the soldiers at Athy, is employing soldiers' wives, on behalf of the W.N.H. Association, in the making of shirts, and has collected a considerable sum of money for the National Relief Fund. Her husband, Sir Anthony Weldon, is Lieutenant-Colonel Commanding the 4th Battalion the Prince of Wales' Leinster Regiment (Royal Canadians). He served in South Africa, and has been Vice-Chamberlain to the Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland and State Steward and Chamberlain. Sir Anthony and Lady Weldon have three sons. Lady Weldon was Miss Winifred Varty-Rogers, and is daughter of the late Colonel Varty-Rogers, of Broxmere Park, Romsey.—[Photograph by Poole.]



HARRY LAUDER'S SON WOUNDED IN ACTION: THE FAMOUS SCOTTISH COMEDIAN WITH LIEUTENANT J. C. LAUDER, OF THE 8TH (ARGYLLSHIRE BATTALION) ARGYLL AND SUTHERLAND HIGHLANDERS.

Photograph by Thomson.

would be victorious once again. "The Duke of Wellington," people said to each other, "had certainly won victories against the Marshals of the Empire, but had he the genius to face the greatest soldier of Europe making his supreme effort with all his best soldiers about him?"

"A General of Sepoys." Bonaparte, we know, did not rank the Duke of Wellington as highly as he deserved, and called him "a General of Sepoys"—an allusion

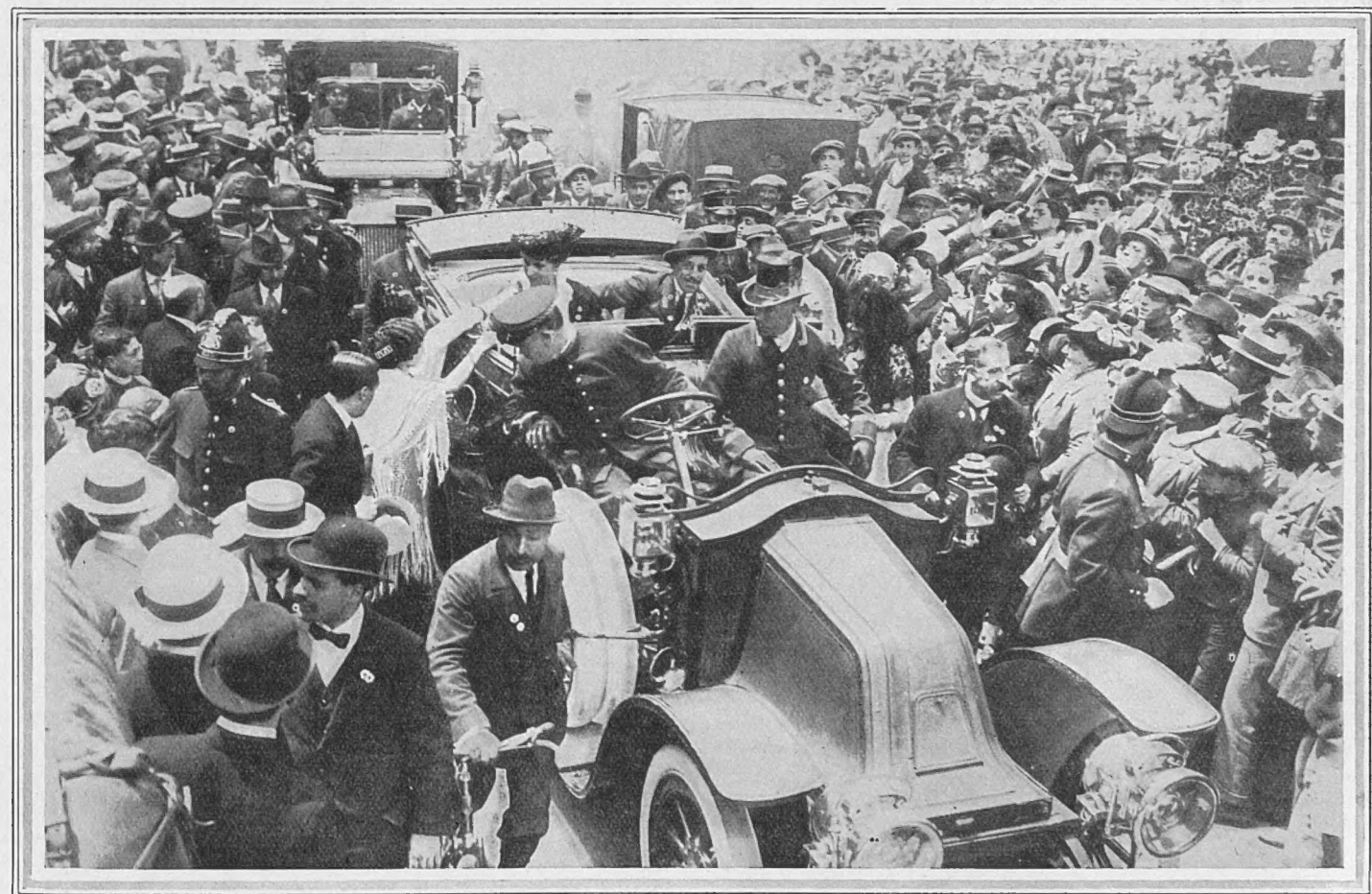
A BATTLE-FIELD ENGAGEMENT; AND A FLOWER-BATTLE.



A WEDDING AS SEQUEL TO A BATTLEFIELD MEETING: THE MARRIAGE OF MR. PHILIP JOHN BAKER, THE "BLUE," AND MISS IRENE NOEL.

It is not often that a bride and bridegroom owe their wedding to a meeting on a battlefield, yet that was the romantic origin of the pretty marriage celebrated at St. Nicholas Church, Worth, Sussex, the other day, between Mr. Philip John Baker, the well-known Cambridge Blue, and Miss Irene Noel, whom he first met in France, where she was doing valuable service for the troops—from driving the wounded in

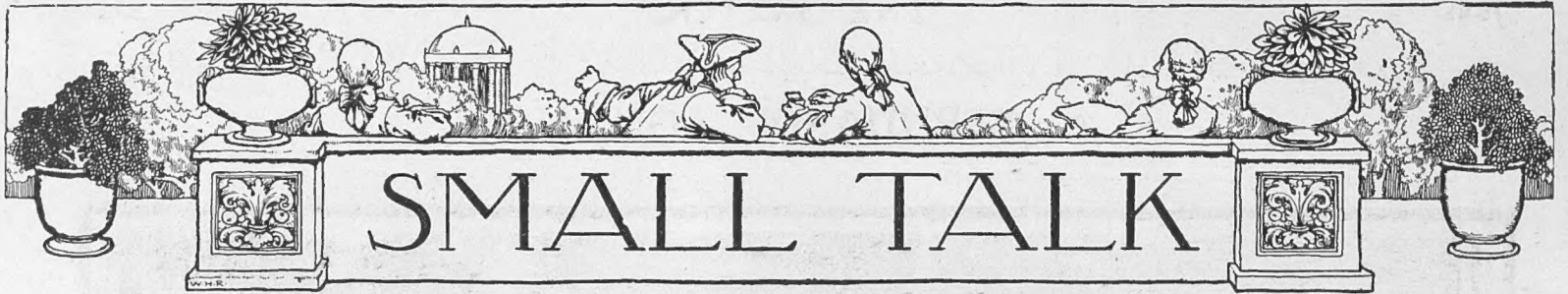
her motor-car to the hospitals, to sterilising milk for her patients. Mrs. Baker is the only daughter of Mr. F. Noel, of Achmetaga, Greece. Mr. Baker is the son of Mr. Joseph Allen Baker, M.P. for Finsbury, East Division, and is Vice-Principal of Ruskin College. Our photograph shows the bride and bridegroom leaving the church.—[Photograph by Alfieri.]



THE KING AND QUEEN OF SPAIN AMONG THE PEOPLE OF MADRID, AND ENCOURAGING CHARITY: THEIR MAJESTIES AT A FLOWER-FÊTE.

Our photograph shows the King and Queen of Spain—always eager to help in works of benevolence—taking part in the flower-fête recently held in Madrid, in aid of the funds for helping the consumptive poor. Their Majesties, gracious and smiling,

in their customary fashion, are shown crossing the Puerta del Sol in a handsome motor on the day of the Fête, and the Queen is accepting flowers from a pretty Spanish girl in a white silk mantilla.—[Photograph by "España."]



THE Prince of Wales was not at all keen for an elaborate birthday. From some points of view, he would have liked to let it pass unnoticed, spending it, like any other day, in ordinary round of duties at the front. Like any other, that is, save for one feature the Englishman in Flanders quite approves—the cake! The more birthdays the better, as far as that is concerned. Its chief value is for hospitality. A tired messenger comes in, and is inevitably offered cakes and cigarettes. Every mess preserves its store of birthday luxuries against the coming of visitors, and the better the cake the prouder the mess. The Prince's fellow-officers, we imagine, will have no reason to be humbled in regard either to quantity or quality. Even before it was decided whether he was to come home or stay out for the occasion, a total stranger had ordered a champion confection in Oxford Street, and, unless her courage failed her at the last moment, was going to send it anonymously to H.R.H. "I can pretend I mistook him for one of the 'lonelies,'" she said in excuse.

The Real Propriety.

Lord Norbury does not plume himself on being the first Peer to do a day's work for navy's pay. He can quote two or three precedents. One of these was the elder brother of the late Earl of Lovelace, who, when Lord Wentworth, disappeared from his home and was afterwards discovered in the regulation garb of the working-man. That was in pre-war times. What Lord Norbury does claim is that he is the first Peer to turn navy, not for love of change or out of freakishness, but simply and solely because it is the proper thing to do.

The Third to Go. Both the Duchesses are distressed at the burning of Dunrobin. Two of the family places had already disappeared—Stafford House is a museum, with presumably a turnstile; and Trentham, when they last saw it, was a mere shell of a home waiting for the housebreaker's pick. Neither of them waited to see it *in extremis*, nor did Millicent ("Dowager") is still a title that sounds singularly improper as applied to her) so much as attend the sale of contents.



TO MARRY CAPTAIN VALENTINE E. INGLEFIELD: MISS VENETIA M. J. PRINSEP.

Miss Venetia Mary Juliet Prinsep is the twin daughter of Mr. and Mrs. James Prinsep, of 38, Lower Belgrave Street, S.W., and The Saltings, Yarmouth, Isle of Wight. Captain Valentine Erskine Inglefield is in the East Yorkshire Regiment, and is the only son of Major-General Francis Seymour Inglefield, C.B., D.S.O.—[Photograph by Val l'Estrange.]

Home. While the partial disappearance of Dunrobin as she knew it when a child must have keenly affected the present Duchess, all her thoughts during the fire were for her wounded guests and about the discomfort they might undergo in consequence of the disturbance. Dunrobin was, to all intents and purposes, a home for soldiers, but it happened to be big enough to hold the Duke and Duchess as well—"on sufferance," as they put it. Lord Alistair Leveson-Gower had something more than a family claim on a bedroom—he is himself wounded. Only after all her guests had been accommodated did the Duchess sigh (strictly to herself) over the damage done to her favourite residence.



A MILITARY ENGAGEMENT: MISS SYLVIA MARGARET FURBER—CAPTAIN F. H. McLEOD YOUNG.

Miss Sylvia M. Furber, whose engagement to Captain F. H. McLeod Young is announced, is the daughter of Dr. and Mrs. Edward Furber, of 25, Welbeck Street, Cavendish Square, W. Captain Young is in the Gloucestershire Regiment, and is the son of the late Major H. McLeod Young, Royal Inniskilling Fusiliers, and Mrs. Young, of Florence Place, Falmouth.—[Photographs by Lafayette.]

How Jolly!?

Mr. Compton Mackenzie, who is doing the Dardanelles for the papers, has the satisfaction of knowing that he is approved, as a novelist, by his Commander-in-Chief. As a poet his fame is less assured, and perhaps he is not sorry that his "Kensington Rhymes" has a very limited audience. In one of them he sings—

I love to lie in bed and hear
The jolly German band.
That does not, somehow, fit his
present strenuous calling.

Lady Hamilton's Another uncensored story from the Dardanelles.

The Staff found their Chief with his brow, usually serene, overcast. He was leaning over his table, the charts and maps scattered broadcast, with a small paper in his hand. It was the hour of consultation, and, after duly waiting in the background while Sir Ian wrestled with his document, one of the officers ventured in with "Anything wrong, Sir?" "Yes, gentlemen," he answered; "it's a letter from Lady Hamilton, and her writing is undecipherable." It was,

however, one of those cases in which Sir Ian did not seek the assistance of his Staff. Putting the sheet of dots and dashes, looking for all the world like barbed wire, into his breast-pocket, he set quickly to work once more.

Her Grace's Favourites. The Duchess of Portland is faithful to her sweet-peas. While the Duke gave the lead in giving up his hobby, she sets an example in preserving hers against all distractions and griefs. With a relative in naval uniform (less interested, perhaps, than she in horticulture), she spent a morning last week at the Royal Botanic Gardens among her favourite flowers, but found no kind of which she is without a specimen at Welbeck. The Duke, by the way, and Lord Rosebery (who were more or less of antagonists in the Turf dispute) have both "entered" for the Red Cross exhibition of silver at Garrard's, but neither with racing-cups! The Duke of Portland's chief loan is the famous family font.



MISS CHRISTINE SALMOND, WHOSE MARRIAGE TO SECOND LIEUTENANT W. G. PRINGLE WAS ARRANGED TO TAKE PLACE ON JUNE 19. Second Lieutenant W. G. Pringle is the son of Mr. Andrew Pringle, J.P., of Borgue, and Basing House, Banstead, Surrey, and is in the Royal Field Artillery. The bride is the daughter of the late Mr. Norman Salmond, and Mrs. Salmond, of 48, Clifton Gardens, W.

Lady Desborough's Courage.

There is still extraordinarily little mourning to be seen in London, what there is of it counting for nothing against the white frocks of an Alexandra Day. We begin to realise that the letter, published at the beginning of the war and signed by a number of Society women, suggesting that families bereaved in the conflict should not wear black had a good deal in it. At first some of the signatories, even, failed to live up to it when they found themselves desolated by a great sorrow; but Lady Desborough, for one, is determined to fly no flag of distress over the glorious death of her son. He died jubilant, and it is not for her to seem to be casting shadows on his triumph.

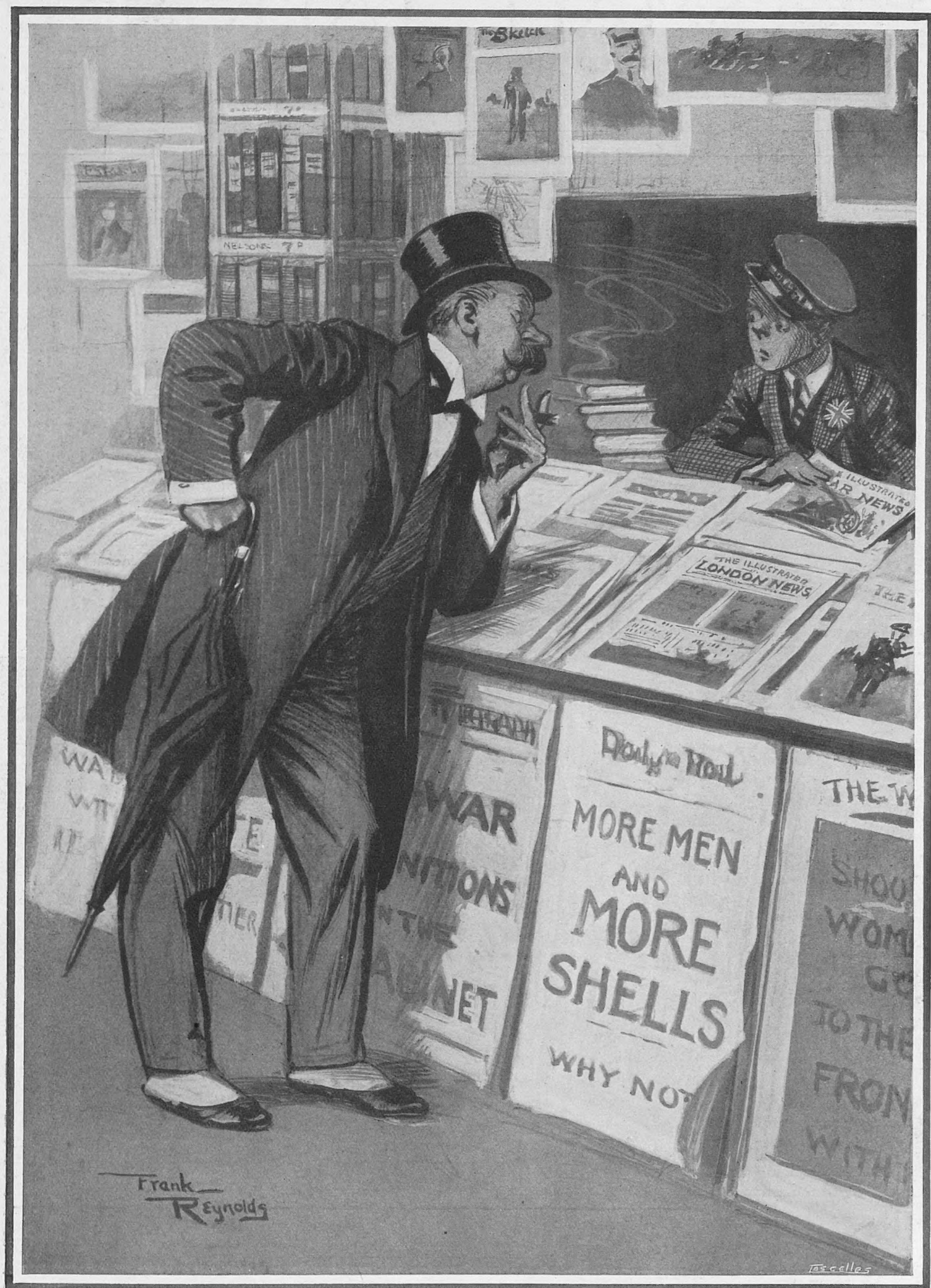


TO MARRY LIEUTENANT CLIFFORD C. TROLLOPE: MISS VIVA MARJORIE DAWSON.

Miss Dawson is the elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. R. Norton Dawson, of Romney, Watford. Lieutenant Clifford Cecil Trollope is in the Queen's Westminster Rifles, and is the younger son of Colonel G. H. Trollope, V.D., D.L., and Mrs. Trollope, of Fairmile Hatch, Cobham, Kent.

Photograph by Lafayette.

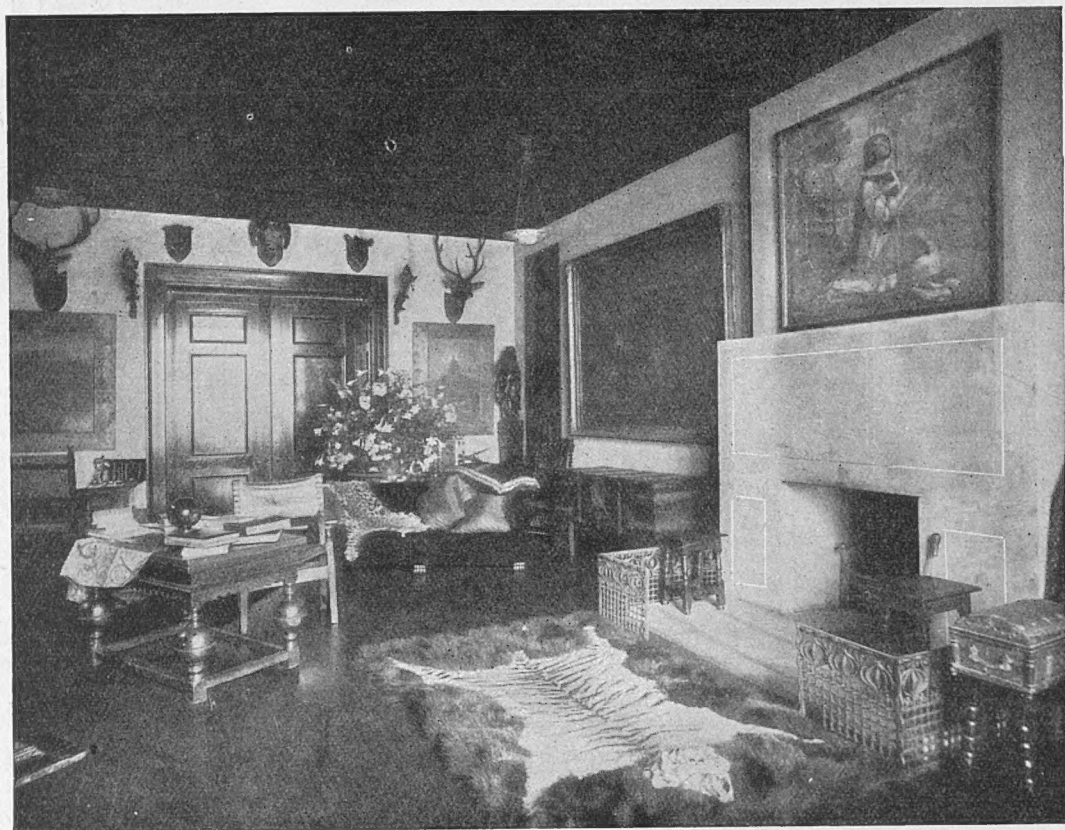
A BERNHARDI ANNUAL!



THE CUSTOMER: I say, boy, do you happen to have that what's-his-name's book—you know, "Germany and the War After This"?

DRAWN BY FRANK REYNOLDS.

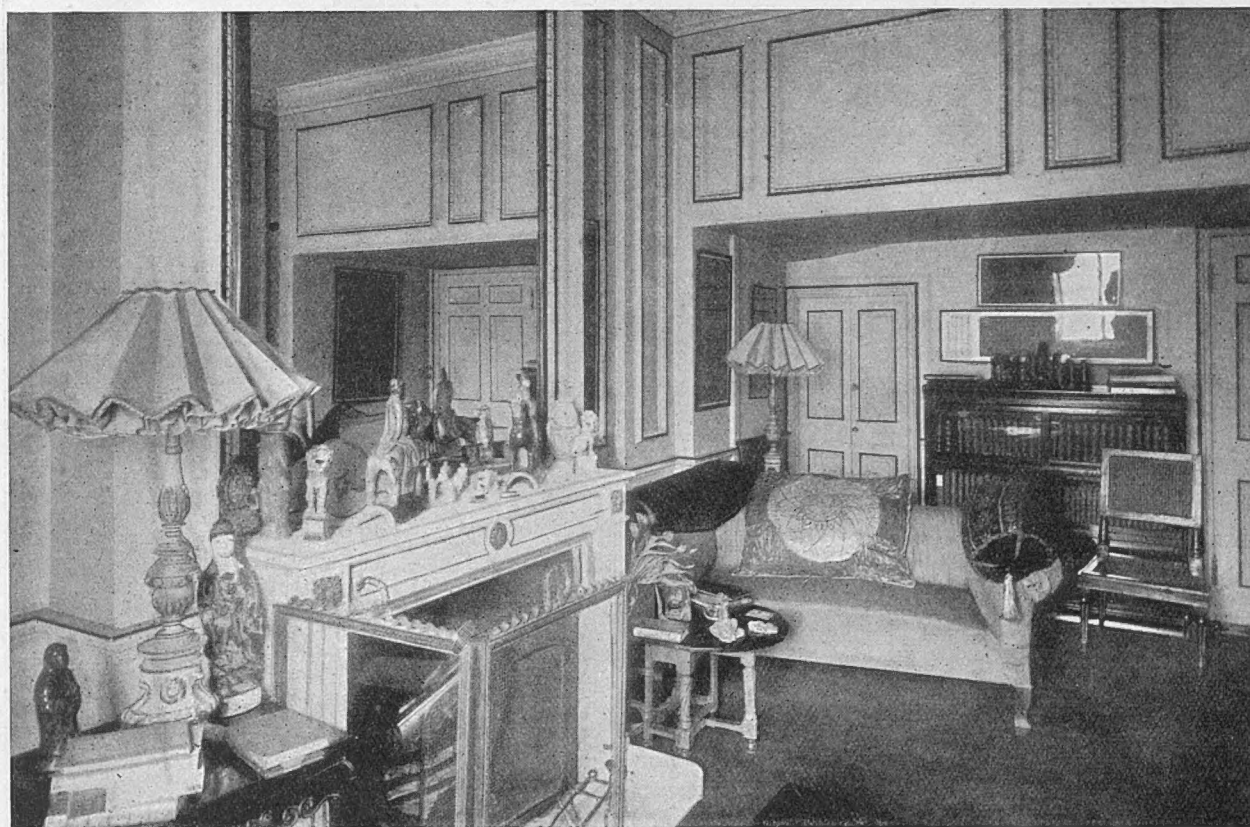
MORE PEACEFUL THAN THE DARDANELLES: THE LONDON



AT 1, HYDE PARK GARDENS: THE STONE-WALLED, BLACK-CEILINGED ENTRANCE-HALL.



RESTFUL AND ONE-COLOURED: THE GREEN DRAWING ROOM.



LADY HAMILTON'S SPECIAL SANCTUM: THE BOUDOIR.



WITH JAPANESE DECORATION: THE GREEN DRAWING ROOM.

The son of a soldier, General Sir Ian Hamilton, G.C.B., D.S.O., now in command of the British Expeditionary Force in the Dardanelles, has carried on the tradition of his family in splendid fashion. He was born in 1853, in Corfu, and in 1887 married Miss Jean Muir, daughter of Sir John Muir, first Baronet. The distinguished career of General Sir Ian Hamilton has taken him to many countries, as well as won for him many honours. He entered the Army in 1873, and served in the Afghan War, 1878-80; in the Boer War; the Nile Expedition, where he got his brevet of Major; in the Burmese Expedition; with the Chitral Relief Force; in the Tirah Campaign, 1897-98; in the South African War, where he was Chief of Staff to Lord Kitchener, 1901-2;

HOME OF GENERAL SIR IAN AND LADY HAMILTON.



ROOM, WITH A BRANGWYN AND OTHER PICTURES.



WITH "FUTURIST" FRIEZE, BRANGWYN PICTURE, AND ALL-BLACK WALLS: THE BLACK DRAWING-ROOM.



THE MUSIC-GALLERY IN DRAWING-ROOM.



A CHARMING GLIMPSE: THE LANDING AND THE GREEN DRAWING-ROOM.

he also served as Military Representative of India with the Japanese Field Army in Manchuria, 1904-5. This world-wide career is reflected, in a sense, in the charming house of which Lady Hamilton is *châtelaine*. Quaint bits of china, antlers, rugs of tiger-skins, huge Oriental divans, are there, as well as instances of Lady Ian's taste for modern art, for an attractive room is a black drawing-room, with "Futurist" frieze. Sir Ian Hamilton can wield the pen as well as the sword, and is responsible for a number of clever volumes, including "A Staff Officer's Scrap-Book," published in 1906. It is not surprising that the hospitality of General Sir Ian and Lady Hamilton, at 1, Hyde Park Gardens, is a much-coveted privilege.—[Photographs by H. N. King.]



LADY GARVAGH.

IF Alexandra Day may be allowed any leading ladies besides Alexandra, Lady Garvagh is one of them. She has a star part, her stand being at the centre of things in Piccadilly. All day she will be controlling and supplying the Piccadilly staff, and her lunch will be of the briefest—a mere scamped concession to the solicitous friends she buttonholes on their way into the Ritz. She herself would prefer to roll lunch and tea into one—on a roll! But she is working in a land of plenty, and will not be allowed to subsist the whole day on unsubstantial roses.

Number Four. Further north, Lady Garvagh's house, in charge of Lady Parker, is given up to the business of the day. At ordinary times No. 4, Marble Arch is the least rose-like of dwellings, for the note its owner strikes is austerity. She found it austere, and keeps it so. The old purple glass of the windows through which she looks past the Arch on to the Park tinges London to an even less lively shade than would greet the naked eye. The Park orators are out of ear-shot, save when on some quiet summer Sunday, during an interval in the procession of motor-buses, a raucous orator proclaims an ancient truth or a threadbare lie, but they are well in sight. For most of the year the scene is somewhat dingy, albeit the best that London has to offer. In the aggregate the little crowds appear black upon a background of thin grass and sooty trees, and often they are scattered by rain—the worst enemy of free speech.

The Window-Dresser. But Lady Garvagh likes her house, and the fine sweep of sky to the south-west compensates for the orators. She keeps her house austere because, like Lady Battersea near by, she believes that character to be part of the *genius loci* of her adopted town. Next door there is fresher paint and flower-boxes and lace curtains. But Lady Garvagh keeps to her office blinds, and her only window ornament is a recruiting poster.

In and Out. Lady Garvagh is more consistent than those householders who show an exterior like a barracks and a downy interior of pink cushions and flowery corners. Behind the mask of the unlovely outer walls of Surrey House you were greeted with visions of Botticelli and Burne-Jones; but No. 4 has no surprises. Ordinarily it has the look of careful comfort that is characteristic of our royal family, but this week it has kicked over the traces: it is a bower of roses. It typifies the change that comes

over London in the name of charity and a lady—a strange, new London *en fête*! Of old we were accustomed to go to Rome for our festivals, but now the Marble Arch has learned the trick.

The Results. Everybody who is not buying button-holes is selling them. The day has grown upon us. The first year's accounts were enormously improved upon in the second, and since then the war has schooled us in the wearing of badges. It is difficult to realise that this fanciful, pleasant, and entirely inexpensive arrangement in artificial flowers should mean hundreds, thousands, and tens of thousands of pounds for the Fund. But so it is, thanks to Queen Alexandra and the sellers.

Sowing Their Wild-Roses. We have seen Mrs. Asquith in Whitehall, Lady Limerick in Bond Street, Lady Wilton in Park Lane, Mrs. Hwfa Williams and Lady Cunard in Park Lane, Lady Jephson in Grosvenor Square, and with all of these an army of daughters, nieces, and friends. For to-day there has been a partial redistribution of beats, but the army is larger than ever. "Sowing your wild roses, eh?" remarks the elderly relative who cannot quite reconcile himself to the propriety of this buying and selling on the pavement. But he is hopelessly out of date. Alexandra Day is an institution, as respectable as Palm Sunday; and more profitable.

Two Copenhagen Girls. Both Queen Alexandra and Lady Garvagh came from Copenhagen for an English wedding. The daughter of a Danish noble, Baron Joseph de Bretton, she married Lord Garvagh in 1877, six years after his succession to the peerage. Her only son, who is a J.P. and Deputy Lieutenant for County Londonderry, has held a commission in the Highland Light Infantry, and has lived for the most part with his parents opposite the Marble Arch. Garvagh House, in Londonderry, is their Irish residence; but London sees enough of them to know and like them very well. The second heir to the barony, the Hon. Conway Canning, is also very much of a Londoner, with quarters in Ryder Street, a couple of hundred yards from his sister-in-law's stand at the Ritz. Her husband's clubs are the Carlton and White's, both within a stone's-throw, and both liable to a shower of blossoms. Of Lady Garvagh's previous achievements as a social worker a long catalogue might be made. It suffices here to mention that she is a member of the Order of Mercy.



A MOVING SPIRIT OF ALEXANDRA DAY: LADY GARVAGH.

The wedding of Charles John Spencer George Canning, third Baron Garvagh, and Florence Alice, daughter of Baron Joseph de Bretton, of Copenhagen, took place in 1877. Lady Garvagh has the Order of Mercy. There is one son of the marriage: the Hon. Leopold Canning, who was born in 1878. Lord and Lady Garvagh's place is Garvagh House, Co. Londonderry. The first holder of the title was George Canning, F.R.S., Lord Lieutenant of Co. Londonderry, who died in 1840.

Photograph by Lafayette.

OUR "MOTLEY NOTER" AS PLAYWRIGHT: "THE GREEN FLAG."



MISS KYRLE BELLEW AS LADY BRANDRETH, MISS CONSTANCE COLLIER AS LADY MILVERDALE, MISS MAY WHITTY AS MRS. KESTEVEN, AND MR. ARTHUR BOURCHIER AS SIR HUGH BRANDRETH, K.C.



MISS CONSTANCE COLLIER AS LADY MILVERDALE, AND MR. ARTHUR BOURCHIER AS SIR HUGH BRANDRETH, K.C.



MISS CONSTANCE COLLIER AS LADY MILVERDALE, AND MISS KYRLE BELLEW AS LADY BRANDRETH.

Mr. Keble Howard, whose "Motley Notes" are so familiar to readers of "The Sketch," has labelled his latest piece of stage-work merely a "play," and it is a distinctly pleasant play, compact of comedy, sentiment, and a flavouring of farce. "The Green Flag" postulates caution, but green is also the colour-note of jealousy; and it is of caution for a delightful woman, and the jealousy of a handsome and vengeful one, that the story of this play tells. Miss Kyrle Bellew is the pretty and very womanly wife of Sir Hugh Brandreth, K.C., who is embodied with robust geniality

by Mr. Arthur Bouchier; the jealous wife, Lady Milverdale, is played with strength and subtlety by Miss Constance Collier; and Miss May Whitty is a delightfully calm and gentle old lady, as Mrs. Kesteven, who refuses to think evil of anybody. Mr. Keble Howard is to be congratulated upon a welcome addition to the list of plays which serve to distract our attention for a while from the distressfulness of the all-pervading tragedy of real life of which the battlefields are the stage. "The Green Flag" is at the Vaudeville.—[Photographs by Wrather and Buys.]



CROWNS · CORONETS · COURTIER'S

SHOPPING the other day near Bond Street, Earl Spencer was suddenly confronted with a parcel. He had never carried one in his life. Though he has not shirked the inevitable crosses of existence (he faced even more than his share of them as Lord Chamberlain), it was always understood that "Bobby" Spencer was by temperament unable to bear his burdens in brown paper. "I will carry it myself, please!" he said the other day, but without conviction. The will was there, but so was the discerning eye of the management, and the victim was spared.

are called the "Unshrinkables," in allusion to the sweaters they wear for uniform rather than to any virtue they have been able to show in face of the enemy. So far their opportunities have been limited, but they promise well.



TO MARRY HON. ROBERT BERESFORD: MISS GRAVES-SAWLE.

Miss Joan Rosemary Graves-Sawle is the elder daughter of Rear-Admiral Sir Charles Graves-Sawle, M.V.O., of Penrice, St. Austell. The Hon. Seton Robert de la Poer Beresford is the brother of Lord Decies. Both are well known in sporting and athletic circles, Miss Graves-Sawle having won many prizes for diving and at lawn-tennis, and Mr. Beresford as an all-round sportsman.

Photo. by Underwood and Underwood.

instead of sailors, rankers instead of Admirals, it is hardly surprising that they are fighting, not under the colours of Norfolk or Wiltshire, but as volunteers from the Antipodes. The wounded man, fortunately only slightly hurt, belongs to the 13th Battalion of Australian Infantry.

An Engagement. At a time when military art is much in town (the whole of Lady Butler's watercolours at the Leicester Gallery have found purchasers, to the great benefit of the Artists' Families Fund), it is interesting to note a military-artistic engagement. Miss Hennessy, who is to marry Lord Methuen's son, is the daughter of the painter. Mr. W. J. Hennessy is well known in France and New York, and was a member of the Savile in the days when Robert Louis Stevenson used to hold forth on poetry and pirates in the bay-window overlooking Piccadilly. The Hon. Paul Methuen—whose father, by the way, has very definite views on the operations in the Dardanelles—holds a commission in the Scots Guards.

Guaranteed Not to Run. Talking of Arts and Arms, a nickname has at last been found for the painters who used to drill in the courtyard of Burlington House before they were moved to a less conspicuous drill-ground in the shadow of the Albert Hall. They

Half-Nelsons.

Earl Nelson's three nephews are serving, and one of them was wounded the other day. "I don't know how it happened, but I missed his name in the list," apologised a friend. And no wonder. He is Private A. H. Nelson, and though the address of his father, the Hon. Edward Nelson, is Trafalgar, Salisbury, he does not figure even in those close-set blocks of names of wounded men from the home regiments. In a topsy-turvy world where Nelsons are soldiers in-



AN INTERESTING ENGAGEMENT: LORD CHESHAM—ENGAGED TO MISS MARGOT MILLS.

Lord Chesham, who is the fourth holder of the title, is a Lieutenant in the 10th Hussars, and has just attained his majority. Miss Margot Mills is the only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. L. Mills, of Tansor Court, Dundee.

Photograph by Lafayette.

parade, he insisted upon showing her the goose-step. Fortunately, it being the luncheon hour, the room was comparatively empty; but what if the Queen had returned unannounced!

Impromptu Kaiserdom.

By ill-luck, Lady Butler was not at the Leicester Galleries to meet any of her royal visitors. Queen Alexandra, who went twice, waited to see her on the second occasion, but missed her in the end. Her Majesty missed, too, an unexpected gallery performance, given for Lady Butler's instruction by a military gentleman who wanted to make a return for all he had learned about the action of horses from the artist's watercolours. Being introduced, and hearing, when the talk drifted that way, that Lady Butler had never seen the Kaiser's troops on



ENGAGED TO CAPTAIN J. J. P. EVANS, OF THE WELSH GUARDS: MISS VIOLA MURIELLE ROBINSON

Miss Robinson is the elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Lionel Robinson, of Old Buckenham Hall, Norfolk. Captain J. J. P. Evans is in the Welsh Guards, and is the youngest son of the late Sir Griffith Evans, K.C.I.E., and of Lady Evans, of Lovesgrove, Aberystwyth.

Photograph by Swaine.

Lady Cynthia. Lady Cynthia Asquith has been visiting Brighton. The place is full of wounded, but none of the family's casualties are lodged there, and Lady Cynthia's visit had to do only with holiday-making offspring. The Prime Minister's daughter-in-law motored over the Downs, one of her party being a gentleman lately dislodged from office by the Coalition shuffle. Thus a Cabinet estrangement does not mean a car estrangement, for the rule of the day is to take things good-humouredly.

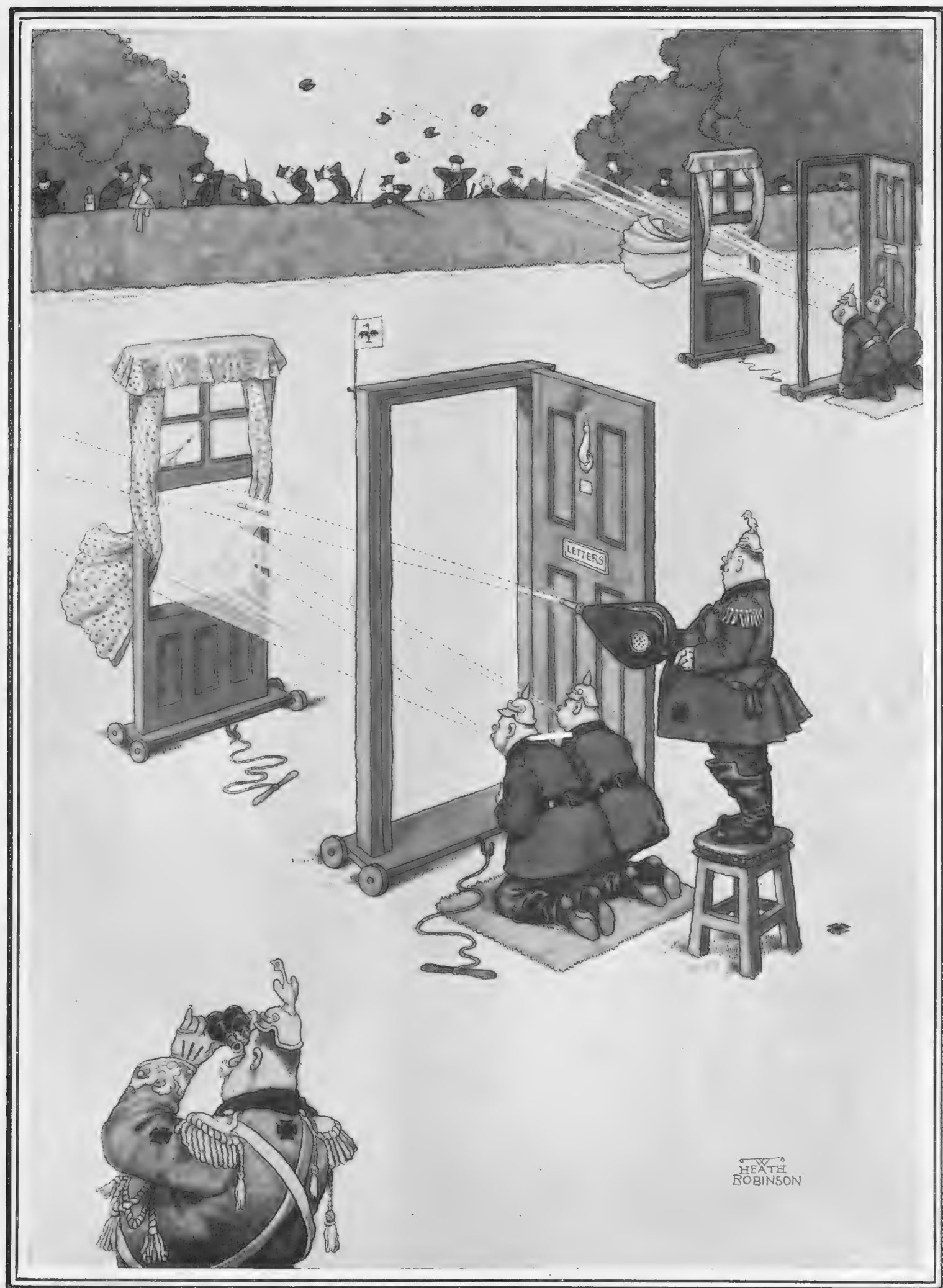
Men Only. Lord Curzon and the Serbian Minister are both much interested in the Mestrovic Exhibition at the Victoria and Albert Museum, to be opened on Thursday. But why such a formidable committee to usher in the young Serbian sculptor? Lord Curzon's interest is reasonable enough; but the list of Vice-Presidents of the exhibition's Honorary Committee reads like a Coalition Cabinet, with Bishops and Ambassadors thrown in. Mr. Balfour can pass; but why the Right Hon. D. Lloyd George? Thirty-eight great names are given, and not a woman among them. It looks as if they have other things to think about! Art, it is not surprising, is rather at a discount just now.



WIFE OF AN OFFICER REPORTED WOUNDED AND MISSING: THE HON. MRS. HOOD, WITH HER CHILDREN.

The Hon. Mrs. Hood is the wife of Sub-Lieutenant the Hon. Maurice Henry Nelson Hood, Royal Naval Volunteer Reserve. Her children are Rowland Arthur Herbert Nelson, born in 1911, and Eileen Sybil Mary Nelson, born in 1910. Mrs. Hood was, before her marriage, Miss Eileen Kendall.—[Photograph by Yevonde.]

German Breaches of the Hague Convention.



II.—GOTT STRAFE-ING THE BRITISH BY DRAUGHTING THEM STIFF-NECKS.

DRAWN BY W. HEATH ROBINSON.



By CARMEN OF COCKAYNE.

Zebra Stripes. We know that anything, from a torpedo to a roll of American cloth, may serve as raw material to the fashion-creator. He is a keen student of passing events, and delights in being topical. Already we have had Joffre hats, aeroplane trimmings, and so on. But sometimes the high priest of fashion in Paris takes a day off to study animal nature, and recently he must have visited the zebra-house at the Jardin des Plantes, for "stripiness" in one form or another is the motive running through a very large number of the new summer frocks, and is even present in the hat and stocking. Clever dressmakers have hailed stripes with delight, for they afford infinite possibilities for the achievement of all sorts of original effects. It is only in the hands of the unskilled that they lead to trouble.

A "Coalition" Idea. Stripes at their best are seen in the illustration shown on this page, which reproduces one of Messrs. Marshall and Snelgrove's models. It depends, of course, for its success on the clever differentiation of the stripes, creating an impression equally of boldness and harmony. It is like the Asquith-Law Cabinet—you feel that the elements ought not to go together, and yet they do. In short, you might call it a miracle of sartorial "coalition."

The deep hip yoke on to which the skirt is gathered is cleverly pleated, and the effect of narrow stripes thus produced gives an accent of colour which is further emphasised in the wide scalloped hem and waistband, both of which repeat the colour of the stripes. A touch of genius is the double row of horizontal stripes giving relief to the tiny waistcoat of white lawn. The model sketched is of dark blue and white ninon de soie and taffetas, and costs but six guineas. It would make an ideal river or country frock in the coloured or black-and-white striped lawns which are the favourites of the moment.

In her boots even, the all-conquering stripe proclaims itself.

The Tea-Tray Parasol.

The parasol with it deserves a paragraph to itself. It is in shape for all the world like a tea-tray, and its upturned edge is decorated with a ruche of ribbon to match the colour-tone of the frock (the stripes of which are repeated in the lining), which is again insisted on in the posy at the top. There are many other original designs to be found at the Vere Street house whence this particular example was selected, and the frock is but one of scores, each of which has that touch of individualism which constitutes the difference between being dressed and merely clothed.

The Coloured Hem.

The hem of distinctive colour and material is a very important point about dress this season. Indeed, the effect of a frock is made or unmade according as the hem is well or badly planned. The basic idea is always the same, but there are infinite variations. An attractive style is the tulle hem seen over and over again as a finish to frocks of fine muslin or delicate embroidery. The scheme

may be completed, if one is very particular, by having the same material and shade as a hem of the handkerchief. That, by the way, is not so extravagant a conceit as it sounds, for a particular make of

tulle is used which is guaranteed to withstand the assaults of the most muscular laundry-maid. Ninon and fine muslin are employed for the same purpose as the tulle, and it is no light matter to have ungainly ankles in these days. Indeed, that is rather understating the case, for the fashionable frock ends so early and, as regards the lower part, is so transparent that one is reminded of the naughty rhyme concerning Mary's lamb and the superiority of Mary's calves. Stockings, of course, are unusually important in these circumstances. Here again the all-conquering stripe proclaims itself through the imponderable veil which is held to be an adequate covering from the knee down-



And in her veil, the problem is overcome by giving the stripy touch in the border.

wards. All this frankness is well enough for the slimly built, but the possessors of limbs more useful than ornamental have cause to complain. The beauty specialist can do something with "salt-cellars" or flabby cheeks, but it is beyond the resources of science to impart to the Clydesdale mare the pure outline of an Arab.

Fashions on the Stage.

"Gamblers All," at Wyndham's Theatre, afforded some novelties in the way of dress. Miss Hilda Moore appeared in a most effective evening dress of the tea-gown type. The general effect was maize colour, enriched by silver lace, but the point that struck feminine fancy was the introduction of a civet-skin with the head complete, which formed the left shoulder-strap. The lop-sided effect is curious, but striking. All the dresses were distinguished by the rare perfection of the colour-scheme. A touch of genius is needed to reconcile bright sapphire chiffon velvet with orange-green, gold, iris, and deep yellow, the colours which predominate in the wonderful cloak—a gem in its way—which is also worn by Miss Hilda Moore.

The Sales.

Only a short few days separate us from the summer sales, which are popularly supposed to represent heaven to the ordinary woman. If rumour speaks truly, they are likely to be more attractive than usual this year. For the fact is that, though no great falling-off in the aggregate purchasing power has been noticeable at the chief shops, there has been a great deal more discrimination in buying. A sense of the value of money has perhaps been stimulated by the war. Whatever the cause, women have shopped with more method and have been less easily satisfied with the first thing that took their fancy, and consequently there will be a larger selection of good things to choose from when the time for the annual summer clearance comes. Thus the woman with a small dress-allowance who chiefly depends on the sales for the replenishment of her wardrobe ought to be able to have a good choice of bargains, which, again according to popular opinion, are the things above all others that women find irresistible. In any case, bargains will be specially welcome to many in these days of expensive house-keeping and, sometimes, reduced pin-money.



Also her bag must be in accord with the general "stripiness" of the rest of her costume.



A Miracle of Sartorial "Coalition."—The deep hip yoke on to which the skirt is gathered is cleverly pleated, and the effect of narrow stripes thus produced gives an accent of colour which is further emphasised in the wide scalloped hem and waistband, both of which repeat the colour of the stripes.

AN ENVELOPING MOVEMENT.



THE LADY OF THE MOUTH: Young man, I've swallowed that respirator you sold me. I want something larger.
 THE SALESMAN: Top floor, Madam — eiderdowns.

DRAWN BY WILL OWEN.



A NOVEL IN A NUTSHELL

THE MALINGERER.

By W. DOUGLAS NEWTON.

THE tall private who knew too much to feel pleasant kicked at every chance sound in the darkness. There were occasional bursts of firing from both lines, and now and then one of "their" deliberative trench-mortars lobbed its fat bomb at the opposing parapet, and missed with the usual fat explosion. But these war noises did not make the tall private jib. It was the commonplace sound that made him do that. Somewhere in the lines behind him an industrious private began to dig in the oily clay. The thud and suck of the spade hit the senses of the listening man as a whip hits the delicate skin of a sensitive horse. He could bear the bomb explosions; that was unbearable.

He had had his linen out by then, but the first smack of the spade made him thrust it back into his tunic, and made him lie still on the ground sweating and waiting. The enemy in front were resolutely silent. The tall private wished they had been otherwise. If they had charged him or fired at him and hit him—not killed him, of course, but just hit him in a place that would put him out of the Army for life—he would have thanked them. But they showed no sign of ever doing this. They were very quiet; a group of them was singing a part-song *sotto voce*—singing it well, too. That was all the energy they showed.

The man in the trench behind went on digging solemnly, and slowly the tall private recovered his nerve. He heard the click of iron-plated boot-soles from the other "listening" butt away in the darkness to the right, and that made him remember his time alone would not be long. The relief would come crawling out very soon, and when they had come and he had gone back to billets it meant that for weeks—and perhaps months—to come he would never really be away from human companionship. He would live continuously among men who could see what he was doing.

That astringent thought tightened his nerves. Weeks of it—months, perhaps—that was beyond his brand of human endurance. He couldn't possibly face weeks more and months more. Beyond to-day lay insanity.

He took the linen from his tunic.

He was going to do this thing deliberately. He was not going to endanger his precious skin by bungling or by lack of thought. He knew what the punishment for bungling would be: penal servitude was the least he might expect—death the most likely. He had seen men go to their death for the same thing. He was not going to risk that. That was the reason for the linen. When they caught a man, they generally did so because there were cordite burns about his wound. There would be none about the wound of the tall private. He had gone into the matter carefully: he knew the tricks.

He bound his linen round his left hand—no good maiming the right when the left would do. He bound it carefully, trying not to think of what would happen. Even though he strove to be detached, his mind suddenly let him down into a pit of awful vision, and he saw and felt the bullet striking through his flesh with a tearing crash. He gasped. He felt as a man might feel who had been hit below the breastbone with a broom-handle. He stopped binding his left hand, and he began to temporise with his mind. Was the pain worth it? Might it not be as well to face what was in store for him with an effort of stoicism?

He might not be hit at all—some fellows were not; or he might be wounded as he wanted to be wounded. At once that curiously courageous cowardice urged him on. If he were hit he would probably be killed, and his soul sickened at the idea of being killed—there was so much he had not seen or done in life, so many girls he had not kissed. And then there was that thunder-clap of pain which must go with death. He could not even endure the thought of that. If they only wounded him? . . . Well, he could not be

certain of their wounding him in the blessed way—the crippling but unfatal way. If it was a bad wound—in the tummy, for instance—the agony would be awful. If it were a minor hurt, he would have to come back in time to the trenches and face anxiety all over again. That was quite impossible. To be in the trenches and within range of shells and bullets just pulped his soul.

He went on wrapping the linen round his left hand all the time. He did it while he was reasoning. He felt like a man who marches towards the dentist, and yet tells himself that really he won't have his teeth out—not this time, anyhow. He is merely going for a consultation, and a day in some vague future would be arranged. All the same, like the man going to the dentist, he knew within him that, in spite of his reasoning, to-day was the day. He wrapped the top of his left thumb in the linen more carefully than aught else. It was the left thumb that would be sacrificed. A man with a left thumb gone was finished with the Army for ever. He was useless for bayonet work.

The enemy in the trenches had stopped singing. The tall private heard the soft, almost stealthy movement of troops beyond the curtain of the intense darkness. The enemy in their advance trench were getting their reliefs, no doubt. His accustomed ear told him that this was the movement of mass rather than of individuals. His knees became watery for a moment as a new thought struck him. Perhaps they were preparing to rush.

They would come over him and get him with their bayonets (bayonets nearly made him scream), and he would be mauled and done before he could earn his freedom. He lay there for a moment seeing hosts charging down on him, feeling the thick, cold slide of the steel into his flesh at every part of him where it would hurt most. He wondered why it was a man did not die of heart-failure when he felt so awful as he did.

The clickings and shufflings died down. He heard a whispered voice speaking in the enemy's tongue, and soft laughter springing up about that voice. The men were probably shaking down in their new quarters. He began to work feverishly again. "Get the infernal moment over quickly," was his thought. All this waiting and thinking was merely unnerving.

The hand was bandaged. He felt it over so that no flesh was exposed. He felt it over several times to make sure—he had seen the faces of those men who had been caught and had gone to the wall before a firing-squad, and he did not want his face to cover any of the emotions they had felt. He made sure of his fire-excluding bindings. Also, in a way, he was putting off the pang of his deed. He must do it, but the thought of the pain it would mean weakened him.

Curious how difficult it was to shoot oneself. His rifle was absurd. He had not planned the part his rifle was to play, and now its unhandiness made him furious. Difficult to get the muzzle just at the right point of the thumb—not too high, where it would do no good; not too low, where it might break the artery which, someone had told him, lurked in the soft flesh just between the thumb and the finger. The muzzle was always slipping (*of course* he was nervous), and then, when he tried to get at the trigger, it slipped again.

He sweated, and tried several modes before he hit on one that satisfied him. At last he got the rifle-butt beneath his prone body, and, by stretching, pressed the ball of his thumb in the proper manner across the muzzle. He slipped his right hand beneath him and fumbled for the trigger.

The trigger was the devil. He had resolved that he would stab his right thumb down on it in a wild and unexpected way, and then it would be all over before he realised that anything had happened.

[Continued overleaf.]

LOST "LIME-LIGHT."



THE TRAGEDIAN (*watching the searchlight at Charing Cross*): Ah me! What wicked waste!

DRAWN BY ALFRED LEETE.

He jabbed. His trigger was cast solid in unyielding iron. It did not budge. Nothing happened. The stunning and sense-appalling burst of flame and nickel and pain did not take place. He realised that what he had meant to be a stab had been the most nerveless of pushes. He groaned—

"Oh, my Gawd, I can't do it!" Then he shut his teeth over his lip and began a slow, mighty, and deliberate pressure. He was crawling with fear all the time. Funnily, he was remembering vividly that he had experienced the same sort of weakness once when he was trying to push out of his jaw a throbbing tooth. The emotions were identical. In both he was hanging in eternity waiting for a blinding pain to strike through to the core of his being; his finger was acting gingerly in both cases, since it was ready to spring back at the slightest fleck of agony.

He was alone in the world. He did not know what was happening anywhere. Only his finger and a trigger existed. He was pushing not only against the trigger, but against his will to remain untortured. It was an awful battle. But, with a writhing soul, he was winning it. The trigger was going back. By infinite degrees of agony he was pressing it down. Now—now—at the next moment there would be that awful smash and wrenching. Now . . .

Something slithered and flickered in the earth away ahead. A stone rolled and dropped. The tall private jumped. His rifle went off with a terrific bang; there was a stabbing pain in his hand. There was a scream and a big yell from somewhere—where?

The listener in the right-hand butt grunted, cursed, and his rifle snapped like a whip. Behind, a man shouted deeply, a whistle went, and a single rifle began to fire and fire. A bomb came down somewhere near the tall private, came down apparently from nowhere in the sky, and went off in a red handkerchief of flame. Illuminated by that flame, the tall private saw an astonished man. He was poised on the top of the enemy's parapet, one leg over, one leg half over. He looked like a man who realised he had been caught in a singularly stupid act. The tall private blinked at him, wondered stupidly why he was doing that. The flare of the bomb expired. The fire-fly effect of rifles at work began to dance in the air before the private.

Before the private, secret in the darkness, there was a lot of shuffling and some yelling. Men were running towards him. He cowered to the earth. They were going to run down on him. Their heavy boots would stamp on him. They would thrust at him with their bayonets as they ran. The tall private put both hands over the back of his neck, and tried to press his body into the earth. He lay there, crouched small, waiting for the blow that would hurt him so much.

A machine-gun behind, after one or two false starts, began to grind away in regular beats of sound—"rrrrr-rrr-rrrrrr" it went, and it repeated the noise time after time. Three or four rifles fired raggedly. They stopped; then, with a dozen more, fired in a burst. These ceased. With a thin but very intense sound, that reminded the tall private of the noise a man makes when he tears stoutish packing-cloth, the trench behind took fire from end to end.

All the same, the tall private could hear the hob-nail boots bearing down on him, and he knew the bayonets were ready. They would hurt him more than necessary. The enemy would be so angry at his giving the alarm. Ahead, but close, he heard a soft exclamation of astonishment, a slumping fall, and the clatter of a rifle. Another man cursed as he tripped over the dead man. The tall private was thinking that the first bayonet would get him just where the neck enters the skull, and it would hurt enormously. He wrenched his body upward so that this should not happen. Immediately a knee smote him in the mouth, a man sprawled over him, came down at all angles on top of him.

The tall private squealed like a whipped puppy—and immediately he was fighting.

He did not want to fight, but the enemy did not argue about that. The brute had dropped his rifle, yet he could use his hands. A big hand with powerful fingers clutched rudely at the tall private's nose and lips. The tall private squealed again, but there was more body in the squeal this time, and kicked. The man gave the authentic grunt of the winded, and slashed wildly with his other hand. The blow hit the tall private on the ear. And at once the tall private was fighting like a cat.

The indistinguishable enemy had plenty of muscle, but no efficiency in its application. The tall private had done some boxing with tame instructors. He knew how to hit, and the places to hit. He accomplished these philosophies. He felt the wet flesh of a face, and he lammed hard at that. The man cursed, and became wild;

he reared up and flung his entire physical being on to the private . . . forty seconds later the tall private got his fingers out of the neck of the fool and pushed the limp body away. He had not been sick when the fellow suddenly went limp. He felt instead rather—rather excited.

The place was whirling with an anonymous fight. The quick-firers had stopped, but there were more rifles and more shoutings. The rifles blazed like Chinese crackers all over the place. Now and then a bomb went off with an enormous bang; frequently men called in strange, thick oaths that cut off suddenly as water cuts off from a tap. That was the bayonet at work. It was life that had been cut off suddenly.

A blaze of light from a bomb showed the tall private a man trying to finger a cartridge-belt into one of "their" low-hung quick-firers. The man was working furiously, quite absorbed in his task. The tall private was almost intoxicated with excitement. He guessed he could kill this man as easily as he killed the other. Killing men was ridiculously simple. He picked up his gun, jumped, came down on top of the fellow like a falling chimney. He felt the bayonet go deep. The man never hit back. The tall private rather resented that. It was too tame. It was killing a man without risk to oneself.

The rifle-popping had dropped off a great deal. The men from the trench were out in a counter-attack. The tall private felt the swirl of fighting breathing around him like a sea. He ran about feeling singularly elated. He was irritated because he could find no one to fight.

A big figure built up out of the darkness before him, and he ran at it. A grenade went off, and he saw that the man he was going to fight was crouching indecisively, as though fearful of moving or going on. The tall private fired at his feet to make him lively, and then ran in to bayonet. The bayonets crossed, but the private could tell by the "feel" that there was no heart in the other's effort. He lunged; the other slipped sideways and ran.

"Gawd!" howled the tall private, "th' feller's an expletive funk!" He ran after him. He would have no mercy for this coward.

The man ran on. He dodged like an eel. Sometimes other men came between the pursued and the pursuing. The tall private fought them, angry at being balked. A thick, stocky man lunged at his side with a bayonet; the tall private felt a red-hot thrill in his shoulder, but in a moment he was over the stocky man and the stocky man was dead. The coward was clambering over the parapet of his trench.

The tall private caught him as he went over. Both men rolled down on to the firing platform, and then into the alley-way of the trench. The big enemy was calling out, and fighting with all his hands and elbows. He wanted to break loose and run a lot more. The tall private held him tight and was hammering his head against the logs of the revetment. He was almost yelling in his enthusiasm. The whirl of fighting drew near. It poured over the parapet, and there was a chaos mainly concerned with kicking the tall private in the face, along the trench and its traverses. The tall private howled to his comrades to eat the blighters alive, and he continued to hammer his personal foe's face in the mud. Fighting fled along the trench like fire along a piece of fuse. It went out as suddenly as that fire would go out. Another flood of men came bundling over the parapet. They carried enormous amounts of sacking in their hands.

"Look lively with those bags now!" yelled an officer. "Look blooming lively!" The trench became inchoate with the clicking frenzy of spades.

The officer had the tall private fully revealed in the inexorable light of a pocket electric-torch. He was totting up the tall private's hurts.

"Bayonet-wound in shoulder. Tips of left-hand fingers blown to Berlin. Left-hand thumb—what's the matter with your thumb?" They unwound the linen. Nothing was the matter with the thumb.

"Hmm!" said the officer. "Didn't even know where you were hit, you fire-eater. Anyhow, I do. Fall out for the dressing-station, my man. Look slippery."

"Wot—me?" exclaimed the tall private. "An' miss all the fun? No bloomin' fear! I'm 'ere until reliefs, Sir, by your leave Sir. Don't spoil a chap's chances."

The man who couldn't bear to face trench conditions for another day remained in the trenches by his own request.

THE END.



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By ELLA HEPWORTH DIXON.

Bombs and Bears.

It is somewhat disquieting to think of what might happen were Zeppelin incendiary bombs to fall into the "Zoo." To anyone living within sound of the tiger's roar it assumes the aspect of a real problem. A Regent's Park full of fierce beasts is within possibility. Particularly are my engaging friends the bears likely to be at large, for already they roam in freedom over the wild Mappin passes, lie on their backs and yawn on dizzy pinnacles, and assume early-Victorian attitudes for your benefit within reach of a bun. Were one of the intervening ditches to be destroyed or bridged, Barbara and Sam, as well as all the others, brown and tan-coloured and black, might be roaming about searching for someone to hug. Now a row of bears, viewed in connection with a pot of jam and a large wooden spoon provided by the keeper, are the most diverting of creatures, and will afford you reasonable entertainment and innocent mirth for part of a summer afternoon; but Zeppelin raids might alter their attitude towards us, and a real democracy of men and beasts might suddenly be among the actualities of life. Who knows if we should not find the antelope as deficient in manners and morals as he is depicted in the classic rhyme, and many of our ideas about beasts fierce or tame be completely upset on The Day?

Generals of All Sorts and Sizes.

We see some singular specimens of the military caste on the stage nowadays, Generals and officers of all grades (particularly Germans) comporting themselves in violent and very unmilitary fashion. In Theatre-land, all Germans thump the table with their fists, scowl, and shout like villains in old-fashioned melodrama. French field officers riot in rhetoric which would please M. Edmond Rostand; and Belgians—usually, one believed, somewhat inarticulate when called on to express the higher emotions—are no whit less splendid in speech than their French comrades in arms. This seems a mad world, yet relief is given to the picture by the invariable coolness, courtesy, and imperturbability of the English officer—from the oldest General to the youngest sub.—seen behind the footlights. On the stage no English officer has a bad temper or indulges in a superfluous word. There is truth, however, in this alleged economy of talk. "Making good" is the modest phrase which covers blood and pain, sacrifice and fortitude, bull-dog tenacity and the last offering of all. It sounds as modest as winning a game of golf, just as the equally mild word "unhealthy" is used to describe a piece of ground which it would be instant death to cross. The English seem to conserve their energy out there, not wasting it on futile argument and virulent "hate."

The Chic of Dowdiness.

It is quite clear that, so far as feminine caprice is concerned, the Unspeakable Turk is out of favour and Queen Victoria is in. Gone are the turbans and sashes, the aigrettes and barbaric jewellery of yesteryear and the Russian Ballet, and lo! we are back with the voluminous petticoats, minute hats, and cameo-brooches of 1860. To be dowdy, just now, is ultra *chic*. I think these floating, floppy effects go well with the sables which most womenfolk are obliged to wear this summer, but one does not suppose for a moment that they will endure for longer than the life of a summer gnat.

Directly the nation braces itself up to finish the war women will want something more useful and suitable than rows of foolish flounces. The hoop will not come in, because it does not accord with the large, hygienic waist-line which even the youngest Beauties affect. The widely distended skirt, in its three great periods, was associated with a most uncomfortable wasp-waist—in the times of Elizabeth, of Anne, and of Victoria. No girl of to-day is silly or reactionary enough to want to have a belt of twenty inches; hence these garments of the 'sixties will soon be relegated to the limbo of departed fashions. It is impossible to amalgamate the easy waists of the Unspeakable Turk with the furbelows of Queen Victoria, and the unnatural alliance must soon end.



IN SUMMER MOOD: DRESSES OF LIGHT SILKS AND LINEN.

The centre figure of this group of attractive summer frocks shows a white-piqué draped coat over a pleated under-skirt of plain linen.—That on the left is a charming dress in pure white taffeta with fringe-edged frills; while the frock on the right is composed of a figured taffeta of Wedgwood-blue with a vandyked hem and coatee of black charmeuse.

The Plague of Parties.

Did we butrealise it, London is excessively agreeable just now, principally because there is a total cessation of the plague of Parties. One begins to understand, with one's new sense of leisure and freedom from foolish social ritual, why so many busy people give up what is called "general society." Such quasi-hermits dine out with the people they like, or receive the "elect" in their own houses, but they will not line Mayfair staircases on sultry nights

in June, or battle for strawberries and champagne across buffets with a crowd of indifferent acquaintances. This kind of party has become a mere slavery, a pretext for "showing yourself" and passing on as swiftly as possible to another precisely similar party in the next square. No one over twenty-five has ever pretended to like these monster and heterogeneous entertainments. They usually consist of a mob of people, many of whom you don't want to know, as well as others who, you feel confident, do not want to know you. Add heat, string bands, indigestible food, and indifferent wine (struggled for as if they were dispensed in time of famine), and nothing to sit down upon, and you have the delirious joys of the average evening party. When we are readjusting our social affairs after the war, we might see to it that we endure these trials during the winter months, and not in radiant June, or that we invent some more reasonable and amusing way of mixing with our fellow-men.

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THE WOMAN-ABOUT-TOWN

Only the Brave Deserve the Fair.

Khaki is the passport to the haven of girls' favour in these war days. War weddings are therefore very numerous, and war wedding-presents are in great demand. The Goldsmiths and Silversmiths' fine salons at 112, Regent Street are a rendezvous for those who are on this quest. The Company, to the fore always, have a splendid selection of regimental badges at various prices, and each of exceptional value for its cost. The badges of the Royal Flying Corps, the Army Service Corps, and the Army Medical Corps all make beautiful brooches, lace-pins, and pendants; in jewels, they are a suitable gift from bridegroom to bride; while smaller editions as tie-pins make a gift to the bridegroom which the bride will enjoy giving as much as he receiving, because it will always be a memento of the Great War. There is no present which bridesmaids appreciate more than these regimental badges in enamel and gold. Silver also forms a specially favourite wedding gift. The Goldsmiths and Silversmiths have silver photograph-frames bearing the badge of regiments, and some also have the distinctive ribbon of such forces as the R.F.A. or the Brigade of Guards run through the frame. These are favourite gifts to brides. Engagement rings are in great demand, and of these the variety is as exceptional as the value. Such useful and ornamental wedding gifts as can-tees of silver are, as usual, in great favour, which is also true of toilet sets. Khaki-bronze photograph-frames are much liked, for with weddings just now, the reference in the gift to the war, which the Allies are surely if slowly winning, is keenly appreciated.

No Place Like Home.

There is small chance of roaming through pleasures abroad this year, but there are palaces at home which we may explore with great pleasure, and with profit, too, to our health. One of these which is sure to be well patronised is the Peebles Hydropathic. A duty to the country is to keep well and fit. At this magnificent place, standing in thirty-three acres of grounds in beautiful air and surroundings, the "cure" is the special attraction. It is made a very special study by the authorities there, who have at their command every appliance and contrivance for the restoration of physical well-being known to the most up-to-date scientists. There is treatment for every ill at Peebles Hydropathic, administered while living a healthy, pleasant life. A good eighteen-hole golf-course and excellent fishing are quite near the Hydro; while beautiful motor rides are attractive, and there are the mineral waters of St. Ronan's Well, similar to Wiesbaden water, of which British people will no more care to drink. The Peebles Hydro will help us to realise that there is no place like home!

Our Clean Fighters—

They are that in every sense of the word—want almost every parcel they receive to have some soap in it. What they particularly appreciate is Wright's Coal Tar, because it gives such a good, fresh, clean feeling. This is all w-right every way, for the medical officers know it to be good soap, and a disinfectant too. A box of three packets costs only a shilling, and this, with a couple of towels, makes a gift that our soldiers love. Wright's Coal Tar suits all skins, and protects, soothes, and heals, so it is the best kind to send your godsons—most of us have one or more godsons that we send parcels to in addition to our relatives and friends.

THE LITERARY LOUNGER

The Clarity of Mr. Belloc.

It is more than a little difficult for even the most constant reader of *communiqués* to gain complete comprehension of advance and retreat. Mr. Hilaire Belloc is a first-rate *aide* in this matter: with or without diagrams, he has the gift of clarity; and clarity, in his case, covers a multitude of knowledge! In this book of his, concerned with the first phase of that titanic conflict of the will of peoples which we call the Great War, he is nothing if not explanatory—and convincing—whether he be dealing with causes, opposing forces, or the earlier results of the clash of arms. We have not space to deal with his work as a whole; but, to show the general value of it, let us quote on Prussianism, a very potent factor.

The Birth of Prussianism.

"About two hundred years ago, or a little more, there appeared one body of German-speaking men rather different from the rest. . . . They were the product of a conquest—undertaken

late in the Middle Ages by German knights over a mixed Pagan population, Lithuanian and Slavonic, which inhabited the heaths and forests along the Baltic Sea. These German knights succeeded in their task, and compelled the subject population to accept Christianity, just as the Germans themselves had been compelled to accept it by their more powerful and civilised neighbours, the French, hundreds of years before. The two populations of this East Baltic district, the large majority which was Slavonic and Lithuanian, and the minority which was really German, mixed and produced a third thing, which we now know as the *Prussian*." That was the beginning, one may take it, of that scientifically matured militancy of blood and iron the Allies are battling to crush.

Elector to Kaiser. To continue Mr.

Belloc: "The cradle of this Prussian race was, then, all that flat country of which Königsberg and Danzig are the capitals. . . . By an historical accident . . . the same dynasty was, after it had lost all claim to separate kingship, merged in the rulers of the Mark of Brandenburg, a somewhat more German but still mixed district lying also in the Baltic plain, but more towards the West, and the official title of the Prussian ruler somewhat more than two hundred years ago was the Elector of Brandenburg. These rulers of the Mark of Brandenburg were a family bearing the title of Hohenzollern. . . . Hence the present Kaiser.

The "Frederician Tradition."

In due time was born the "Frederician Tradition." "It may be briefly and honestly put," writes Mr. Belloc, "in the following terms: 'The King of Prussia shall do all that may seem to advantage the kingdom of Prussia among the nations, notwithstanding any European conventions or any traditions of Christendom, or even any of those wider and more general conventions which govern the international conduct of other Christian peoples.'" Out of this come burning and looting and rape, wanton destruction, poisoned wells, gas, the violation of treaties, and a maximum of treachery by spy and fighting-man. We deal, practically, with one sentence of Mr. Belloc's book: all should read the whole. To do so will make for understanding, which is well. For, let it be remembered: "A peace not affirming complete victory in this great struggle could, of its nature, be no more than a truce."

* "A General Sketch of the European War." By Hilaire Belloc. The First Phase (Nelson and Sons; 6s. net.)



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Miss Lena Ashwell is, of course, the famous actress who has done such excellent work on the stage and has produced "Irene Wycherley," "Diana of Dobson's," "The Swayboat," and "The Earth": that as Manager of the Kingsway Theatre. She is the third daughter of Commander Pocock, R.N., and, in 1908, married Dr. Henry Simson, son of the late Robert Simson, of the Bengal Civil Service. She is Chairman of the Three Arts Women's Employment Fund, for which the great Souvenir Luncheon is being given at the Savoy on July 6, and is on the Executive Committee of the Luncheon.—[Photograph by H. Cecil.]

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JUNE 28



A Sale—and a Reason

OUR priced lists are this day withdrawn: it is impossible longer to maintain supplies exactly as listed, and when a particular size or colour is sold it cannot be repeated.

In order, therefore, to avoid inconvenience to our clients, we propose immediately to reduce the price and clear out existing stock. Reductions will be upon an extremely liberal scale and only perfectly fresh goods from our own stock will be offered; but it is impossible to publish detailed lists, and a personal visit is necessary to secure the bargains.

Goods purchased and found in any way unsatisfactory will be freely exchanged or taken back, but we cannot send reduced goods upon approbation.

The Sale commences on Monday, June 28th, and will close immediately the necessary clearance of oddments has been effected.

ROWE

The Children's Shop,
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N.B.—The Rowe Sailor Suits will not be included in this sale: a revised list is now in course of preparation, and will be sent upon request.



SOME CURIOUS INCONSISTENCIES: "EYES HAVE THEY AND SEE NOT": THE PETROL PROBLEM.

A Singular Omission.

So fiercely at one time was the question of British versus American cars discussed that it might have been thought that every feature of difference between the two had been fully threshed out. Is it not curious, therefore, that there is one distinctive feature of the American car which has practically never entered into the discussion at all, and yet which might very advantageously be adopted on cars of any country or type? I refer to the American hood cover. It is a normal accompaniment of even the cheapest cars on the other side; but in Europe it is not to be found even with vehicles of which the bodies alone cost far more than a complete American car. Why is this? A Cape-cart hood is a normal fitting of the open touring-car. Equally normal is it for the hood to be more often folded back than in actual use. Inevitably, therefore, it gets dirty over certain portions of its total area, and may even wear into holes as well. Surely a cover is a desirable addition, for a good Cape-cart hood is by no means cheap, and is worth preserving; but no such fitting is usual even on the most expensive of *carrosseries*. All that has been done in Europe is to produce one or two "concealed hood" arrangements, which serve the double purpose of keeping the hood out of sight and protecting it as well; but as for deliberately providing a cover for the ordinary type of hood, there is no such custom in practice. The upshot of the situation, therefore, is simply this—that what is regarded as a superfluous refinement for expensive European cars is fitted as a necessity in the Yankee run-about!

Monstrosities in Bodies.

Certain quaint features are noticeable nowadays with regard to body-work, and here, too, it is not an absolute certainty that the non-standardised commodity scores in either appearance or finish. Paradoxical though it may sound, it is none the less a fact that some of the most inelegant bodies that can be found are seen fitted to highly expensive chassis, and for one reason alone. In other words, the client can afford to take liberties of his own! As anyone would admit, the height of luxury and elegance is a long, silent-running, swift-moving, six-cylinder car, fitted with a well-appointed, roomy, and handsomely finished body by a recognised

coach-builder. Oftener than not, of course, this combination is observable, but there is an appreciable proportion of turn-outs which are nothing if not hideous, although the cars concerned have cost over a thousand pounds. This comes about in a very simple manner. The buyer of a high-class chassis often orders the body

to be made elsewhere than in the factory—indeed, the motor firm may make no bodies of its own. If he considers elegance and comfort, he may get them for money and fair words; but this freedom of choice may lead him, if he is a person of no taste, to acquire something which is utterly unworthy the chassis, and I have lately seen sundry monstrosities which it would have paid the makers of the car to buy back from the owners and promptly bury rather than have them seen on the public streets.

Where the British Car Scores.

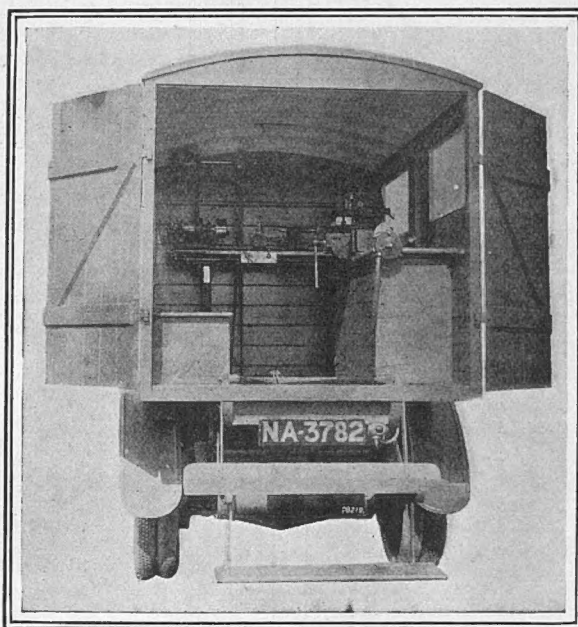
Where motor-manufacturers have their own coachbuilding departments, turning out first-class work, there is much less likelihood of any desecrations of this kind being noted, and the same thing applies in the cases where, though there is no actual body-building section in the works, there is an arrangement with a coach-making firm to build standard bodies for the particular cars concerned. And what is an essentially gratifying feature of the British industry is the remarkable degree of excellence that has undoubtedly been attained in the *tout ensemble* of the moderately priced standard cars. The people who buy them must, in a sense, take them or leave them as they are offered complete; but how much is

there to cavil at? The outlines of an 11-h.p. Humber, for example, are simply perfect; yet this is a standardised low-priced car—selling, in fact, at £310.

Cigarettes and Petrol.

A motoring weekly raises the old question of whether explosive mixtures can be set alight by a cigarette, and expresses the opinion that, "whatever scientists may say, it is advisable to keep lighted cigarettes, cigars, and pipes right away from petrol vapour." Knowledge, none the

less, is the essence of safety, and the fact remains that, though a cigar or a pipe can be puffed into a glow hot enough to ignite petrol, a cigarette is quite another matter. The lighting of a cigarette by a match is a different affair.



A PRACTICAL GIFT TO THE RED CROSS: A 20-25-H.P. FIELD WORKSHOP PRESENTED BY SIR K. AND LADY CROSSLEY.

This is an interior view of a field workshop constructed by the Crossley Motors, Ltd., and presented to the British Red Cross Society by Sir Kenneth and Lady Crossley—an example worthy of imitation, as the utility of the vehicle is obvious. A lathe with over-head gear and fittings, hand and power bench drilling-machine, a 15-cwt. lifting-derrick, with complete tool equipment, etc., are component parts, with electric installation complete.



FOR AERIAL SENTRIES AT FIXED POINTS: A MILITARY OBSERVATION-BALLOON WAGON WITH ITS GAS EQUIPMENT.

In addition to aeroplanes actively cruising on the look-out far and wide, both sides make constant use of captive balloons, and of kite-balloons, as aerial observation-posts. They are transported, or towed from point to point, when already aloft, on specially designed vehicles which also generate and supply the gas for inflation. One species of service in which they have proved of considerable utility is in range-checking with howitzer-batteries or position-guns firing from some distance in rear of the battle-line.—[Photo. Illus. Bureau.]

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THINGS NEW: AT THE THEATRES.

MR. WALTER HACKETT is new to me as a dramatist—my ignorance, perhaps. His play "Mr. and Mrs. Ponsonby," at the Comedy, was clever, but not sufficiently clever. There is a deadly respectability about its improprieties—the title of a famous poem came into my mind when watching it, "Loves of the Plants," by the father of evolutionist Darwin. As a passionate lover, Dick Trevor in the hands of Mr. Sam Sothern seemed to suggest an amorous mangold-wurzel, which must not be confused with a turnip—one is bigger than the other, but I never can remember which is the smaller. However, we eat the turnip, and not the other, which is conclusive. And none of the other philanderers seemed really wicked. They skated about the Commandment which Jeanie Deans flung bravely into the face of the graceless Charles in "The Heart of Midlothian," but no one would believe them capable of quite breaking it. I would as soon suspect the inhabitants of Mme. Tussaud's of impropriety as any of the Trevors, or Chestertons, or Ponsonbys. So we had an evening of harmless *marivaudage*, and some clever scenes and bright phrases, and at the end felt like a meat-eater after a banquet at a vegetarian restaurant. Mr. Hackett will write something valuable some of these days, but he must go back a little and start with a subject less difficult than the eventless story of the jealousies of Mr. and Mrs. Ponsonby. Miss Marion Lorne distinguished herself by quite an able piece of acting as Mrs. Ponsonby; Miss Mary O'Farrell played prettily in the part of Mrs. Trevor; quite a droll performance was given by Mr. Edward Duggie as the family butler; and Miss Bilbrooke and Messrs. Kenneth Douglas, Sam Sothern, and Fred Kerr were useful in the cast.

Mr. Martin Harvey had done a courageous thing in producing Mr. Stephen Phillips's "Armageddon," and it is not surprising that he has retired for the moment to the safer ground of "The Corsican Brothers" and "The Only Way." Last week he played Lucien and Fabian with all his usual romantic fervour and dramatic power, and the old story was followed with the keenest interest by an audience which was probably a little relieved to find its hero again taking a prominent part in one of his own productions. The two brothers certainly give opportunities which atone for what was lacking in "Armageddon," and it is hardly necessary to say that Mr. Harvey makes the most of them. A very special feature is the duel scene, which is worked out with great care and an eye for every detail of realism—and, indeed, there probably never was such a very ferocious duel in the history of the stage. Mr. Franklin Dyall bore his part in it splendidly, and altogether was a most successful villain of the piece; and of the rest of the company, all of whom did their duty well, special mention may be made of Mr. Forbes Robertson, Mr. Charles Glenney, Miss Mary Rorke, and Miss N. de Silva.

Now that paper money is so much in use, it is evident that its portability is a strong point in its favour, especially with soldiers at

the front. Hence the extreme utility of the "Allies' Wallets," which are being made in many forms from a shilling each. They offer an exceptionally secure method of carrying notes for everybody, whether on service or at home, as they are arranged so that, when open, the notes cannot blow away and be lost. The wallets can be obtained practically everywhere, and range from one to fourteen shillings in price, so that nobody need be without one, and they make most serviceable gifts.

We have pleasure in printing this letter from the front—

No. 4 Stationary Hospital, France. June 9.

DEAR SIR,—I was looking at your estimable paper the other day, of May 26. I noticed a photo. of Miss Gladys Storey asking a motor-driver to join the Army. I have no doubt Miss Storey's opinion on recruiting would be very interesting reading, and I should very much like to hear it. I am only one of thousands who heard the country's call at the beginning of the war, and didn't need a young lady's persuasion before I joined; in fact, my young lady was against me joining, but has since agreed that I was doing my duty when I did so. I think myself that the work that such people as Miss Storey is doing is far better than all the speeches can do: it gets there nearly every time. I should esteem it a favour, if you could, to get the opinion of the young lady, and, if possible, I should like a copy. I have been out here since January, and been in some of the worst fighting; and a letter of this description would do a lot to cheer some of the boys in the trenches.—I remain, Yours respectfully,

H. BARTON,

71179, 3rd Batt. K.R.R.s, 27th Division, A Section, A Division.

Now that toilet economy is being, very properly, practised, it is interesting to hear that although Courvoisier's Ess Viotto, their delightful preparation for the hands, has achieved such popularity that the stock of the pretty-shaped bottle with its patent stopper has run short, Messrs. H. Bronnley and Co., Ltd., of Acton, London, W., will exchange four empty bottles with complete stoppers for an ordinary bottle of Ess Viotto—a quite generous offer. Ladies can practise toilet economy by collecting used Ess Viotto bottles, saving others as they become empty, and sending them to Messrs. H. Bronnley in lots of four, three, or one dozen to be exchanged, but the complete stopper must not be forgotten. The exchange is made through the chemist, the sender receiving an order for a bottle from stock, for which Messrs. Bronnley pay the chemist. This offer holds good up to Dec. 31, 1915. Ess Viotto is sold at 1s. 3d., 2s. 6d., and 5s. per bottle.

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